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TRUE LOVE.

BY ALICE CARY.

There is true love, and yet you may
Have lingering doubts about it;
I'll tell you the truth and simply say
That life is a blank without it.

There is a love both true and strong,
A love that falters never;
It lives on faith and suffers wrong,
But lives and loves forever.

Such love is found but once on earth—
The heart cannot repel it;
From whence it comes, or why its birth,
The tongue may never tell it.

This love is mine, in spite of all,
This love I fondly cherish
The earth may sink, the skies may fall,
This love will never perish.

It is a love that cannot die,
But like the soul, immortal,
And with it cleaves the starry sky
And passes through the portal.

This is the love that comes to stay—
All other loves are fleeting:
And when they come just turn away—
It is but Cupid cheating.

RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ST. EGLON," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

MRS. LANYON had raised herself slightly on her elbow, but at these words she fell back and wrung her hands piteously together.

"You are cruel to stand in your own light!" she cried angrily. "You know that ould pattie Jeremiah is no scholar, and I can't write 'cept to sign my name. Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do?"

"In the morning I will fetch some one—some lawyer, if you will grannie, who will tell you what you can do."

"Morning—morning! How can you tell there will be any morning for me?" murmured Mrs. Lanyon, groaning to herself. "It's all wrong—all wrong—all too late."

"No, no, grannie. Jeremiah shall go directly it is light," returned Grace soothingly.

"Be calling me?" cried the old man's voice from the stairs. "Here be Molly coming up with a few broth."

After taking this nourishment and being reassured that Jeremiah should depart at dawn on horseback for both lawyer and doctor, Mrs. Lanyon's fierce agony subsided.

She held Grace's hand, and for the first time in the girl's recollection talked to her father without hatred and without abuse. She spoke of her strange visitor, and repeated all he had said.

Grace listened in dismayed pain; she understood the dire meaning of being a prisoner in the mines.

She held her breath, she held in her sorrow, only her heart leapt within her with longing to be of some help to this poor forgotten prisoner.

And the man who had brought this sad news of him was certainly the same who had nearly fallen under the carriage-wheels the same who had whispered those ugly words in the Pass.

"Beware of that man if ever you meet him," said Mrs. Lanyon, as if reading her thoughts.

"He's as smooth and slippery as a snake in a new skin. I wouldn't trust him with a cat's life. And that minds me of something. Bring me that little box yonder, Grace."

She brought it, and Mrs. Lanyon unlocked it and took thence a small roll of banknotes.

"This money" she said, "is your father's; he didn't send it for Gregory Blake, but for you. You won't think it wicked to take this?"

"No, grannie; I think this is fairly mine," Grace answered.

She blushed as she spoke, for the thought had rushed upon her that now she could pay Mr. Fitzurse. She took the money only for this.

"And that's not all that's yours," Mrs. Lanyon went on, her eyes gleaming with a sudden recollection. "Move aside them parchments, Grace—there, now you've got it. That's what I mean—that red case. There's a row of beads in it that your father said was worth money. He gave it to me once when he couldn't pay his lodging. But I never tried to sell it. I thought I would keep it till Phœbe came back, because she liked the beads; and it seemed to me I should have a bit of pleasure in putting 'em round her neck and seeing her pretty eyes glisten. But she never came, and—and there the beads have lied ever since. Take 'em, Grace; they are yours. Oh, they ain't Gregory's; he never knowed I had 'em! And it isn't for the worth of such as they he'd make a fuss, if I don't live to right you."

The "beads" were a row of perfect pearls. Grace took them, not knowing their value, but deeming them worth much to her because they had been her father's.

It could not be right, she thought, that these should go to Gregory Blake.

"Fasten 'em round your neck, Grace," said Mrs. Lanyon. And, as the girl obeyed her, a scintillation of pleasure gleamed in her worn eyes.

"You look like a lady, and as pretty as a pictur'. Maybe you'll make your fortin yet."

The thought seemed to bring other ideas with it, for she suddenly cried out that Grace was going to forsake her.

"Fetch the fiddle," she said, in answer to her expostulation, "and play me a tune. Don't be afraid. I've no hate for the ould thing now. All hate be gone out like sparks, in tinder, all spites died down, child—died down and getting dark."

"But the violin is not here, grannie."

"Not here? Ah, I feared that! And you'll go away and leave me die like a dog. It serves me right. I've made Gregory Blake rich to spite my own flesh and blood."

"The violin will be here in the morning, grannie," said Grace, hoping by this assurance to soothe her.

"Will he?" asked the old woman suspiciously.

"Then you bring 'un here and let me see 'un directly he comes. There's the case. I strewed lavender over 'un a week agone. Now lie down here and take a bit of sleep, and I'll try to sleep too."

The weary girl obeyed to please her, and thought not to sleep herself; but she was young, and her tired heart and brain craved rest, and in their youthful healthfulness they found it easily.

Grace slept; But Mrs. Lanyon, excited by too much speech, feverish and full of fear, lay wakeful and watchful, the awful truth drawing closer and closer upon her soul that her time was spun out, and not a single wasted, ill-used hour could come to her again to lengthen the thread.

* * * * * *

Two horsemen were riding fast through the night, one for love and one for money. But money ever outruns Love, and steps before him in every race.

Moreover, Money has spies and messengers at command; and a sure word had reached Gregory Blake that old Elizabeth Lanyon would die that night.

To a sturdy farmer with a stout cob beneath him a ride forty-two miles is no very formidable feat.

So a little before midnight he threw a sinewy leg across his saddle and started for Penaluna church-town.

"This base-born grandcheeld of hers be runn'd away, so I heard tell, but I warr'n't she's back by now, looking for what she can get. Well, well, we shall see. But I'm not a man to loose my rights for want of fighting for 'em. Gee up, ould Varmint! You carr' me well this night, and thee sh'll never wan't corn so long as thee'st four legs to stand on."

This was Gregory's soliloquy as he plodded on past the dying light of little towns, past the sleeping darkness of quiet villages, past the dim outline of lonely farms and lonelier cottages, where the sharp bark of some roused watch-dog startled the silence of the night and sped him quicker on his way.

One o'clock!

And there was a stretch of ten miles between him and his snug homestead, where his eager wife lay dreaming of riches to come.

Two o'clock!

And Varmint, warmed to her work, had left twelve miles more behind her flying heels.

This was good; but twenty miles of hard road yet stretched in fact and in vision before the farmer's anxious mind.

The hills grew in height, the clouds came down in rain, mists swallowed up the hedges, shapes grew out of trees that never trees were, and sounds rose portentous in gurgles and in moans from deep valley's where rushing streams ran, revelling in the rain.

The good mare stretched her ears back upon her neck and bent her head before the wind, her flanks smoked, her hoofs struck the slushy ground like flails in four stout thresher's hands, the whites of her eyes glared back into the eyes of her master as his drenched face stooped to the blowing storm.

Thus they both labored; but the hills were nigh, the roads heavy, the rain came pitilessly down on the horse and man, and the mud rose up and joined the mist and kept with them stride for stride, blinding their wind-beaten eyes.

Three o'clock!

And there is a stretch of mist-covered hill and rain-laden valley nine miles long between him and the last point, where Gregory paused a moment and counted two strokes fall into the night from the clock-bell of a high church-tower.

There is neither tower, nor spire, nor hut nor sign of human habitation on the wild wide heath, where his mare stands now, with panting sides and drooping head and foam-flecked, quivering mouth.

But he alights and strikes a match and fumbles for his watch, and, seeing the time, puts it back with a great leap of fear in his covetous heart.

Who can tell, through these long hours, what that scheming grandchild may have plotted and done against him to his hurt and wrong?

The sweat breaks out on the man's brow, his strong thick hand trembles as he catches at the bridle and wipes the mare's mouth with a tuft of heath.

Her tired eyes look at him with a feeble prayer, her sinewy knees shake, she leans her head upon his shoulder as he stands before her, marking the signs of fatigue that quiver through all her flesh.

"Kill or cure!" he murmurs aloud.

And, drawing a huge flask from his pocket, he first takes a deep pull at it himself, and then pours the rest down the mare's throat.

"Stronger beer was never brewed," he says. "Thou'lt do it yet, old girl."

Another moment, and he is in the saddle and off again through the night-shadows. Not through a rainy land now, but on the high moor, where for a long bleak way the road is level and the mists flit by like spirits sometimes near and sometimes far afield, hanging in mid-air and vanishing in darkness or in cloud.

They do not trouble farmer Blake; his mind is on the money; his covetous spirit, greedy of gain, flies on far ahead of the flying hoofs that carry him, and sees only the dying wrinkled face of Elizabeth Lanyon. Sometimes the face floats by him in the mist high as his hand, white as death can make it.

Sometimes a little smoke hanging from cliff or scaur comes floating down upon his path, and, opening as it vanishes, shows him the same face beneath his horse's clattering hoofs.

He beats it down, he tramples it into the turf, and rides on at the same hard gallop.

"Money, money, money!" sing the mare's hoofs, as with flying feet she stretches along the soft heather, flinging far behind her many a time a round turf cut clean from the sod by her iron shoes.

There is no weariness now in her far-reaching stride; her sinews are steel her veins are full of fire, her blood is up and she'll win or die.

A long descent begins from the heathy downs, a fresher breeze cuts the man's cheek, a low sound meets the ear now and again, coming on the wind's breath, soft as a sigh, strong as the song of a thousand voices lifted to the sky.

But the mighty melody floats by the man unheeded.

"Money, money, money!" is still the music beating in his ears; and, as that music bids him, so he rides on always.

A few strides more, as the mare plunges down the heathery hill, and the gray sea-banks are before his eyes, streaked with a faint white light of foam, as wave after wave with a loud leap earthward breaks in thunder on the shore.

Far as the sight can reach stretches the deep, divine, dark starshine of the sea, and above it hangs that other vaster sea of air, whence, as through a veil darkly, the stars look down and whisper thoughts too large for human soul.

Gregory Blake heeds nor stars nor sea; no strong delight of beauty, no rapture of great sound can touch his sense; for greed, like a garment, has swathed his spirit in fold upon fold of darkness.

His heart is fed with no vision, save vision of coming loss, as, rising as if from out the sea, there looms upon him through the starlight the spire of Penaluna church.

"Hurrah!" he cries, bending over the mare's neck with caressing touch of his great hand.

"Thee'st done it Varmint—and done it well, old girl.

"Now, if we are in time, thee and I, thy rack shall never lack corn while thou hast teeth to eat it."

The spire lies just beneath his feet; if he were to stop now and sling a stone, he could fling it among the dotted graves whose headstones cluster whitely round the church, which he cannot yet see.

But there is no thought of stopping in his mind; he urges the mare on fiercely, and the echo of her clattering hoofs goes rolling among the hills and falls faintly over the sleeping village till it drops down into the great sound of the sea.

Maybe the dying woman who has had this echo in her ears through all the watches of the night catches it again with strained sense, with feeble breath, and fear that cannot speak.

Four o'clock!

The strokes come booming through the air loud and near, for the forty-two miles of hill and dale have been gallantly done, and the good mare is rattling down the village street as bravely as though she had brought her master on a swift errand of mercy and love.

All honor to the brute that has done her

work with a willing mind, with a generous heart that would have broken rather than fail!

As for the man, he will answer for his work himself one day; and this night's ride may be a heavy item in the great account.

As the echoing hoofs come clattering down the steep street, Jeremiah rouses himself from slumber, and with indignant wonder asks Molly why she has let the fire out.

There is no time for answer; the fierce gallop heard imperfectly in sleep is close upon them now—rushes on their very ears stops suddenly at the very door.

And here a man swings himself from the saddle and knocks with impatient trembling hand.

Molly with wild eyes stares vacantly towards the door and clings to her father.

"She've said it all along," she whispers—"and he's come—Death on the pale horse!"

"Thee'st a whisht pattie, sure enough, to have sich gashly notions," old Jeremiah answers, pushing her away with a pretence of bravery, though he knows his heart is quivering with fear.

"Who be there?" he cries in a shaky voice.

"Gregory Blake—Mrs. Lanyon's nearest kinsman."

Back goes the bolt, open flies the door, and Jeremiah stands face to face with a burly man in a drab great-coat—a man with a heavy jaw and a pale determined eye.

"Is she alive or dead?" he shortly asks.

"Alive, but very bad."

"Who is with her?"

"Her grandchild."

"Ah, I thought so! Any one besides?" he asked.

"No; but I be going to fetch a lawyer as soon as it be light."

"I'm master here; there'll be no lawyer fetched in light or dark.

"I'll have no disturbance round a dying bed to force a woman to do a wrong against her will."

"Lord bless us!" moaned the shrinking Molly, as she peers out through the door.

"His horse be black as a coal.

"The devil always rides black horses, so folks say."

"I don't know what the devil rides, but I ride as good a black mare as ever stepped.

"Tell me where I shall put her up and get her feed."

This said to Jeremiah, who answers that there is a stable in the back with two stalls, where Mrs. Lanyon's single cart-horse is now housed.

"Then take her there and give her a good bed and a good feed of corn.

"Now I shall go up-stairs and see my kinswoman."

"Will 'ee sure?" asks Molly, half in fear, half in admiration of the stranger's peremptory ways.

"Then go softly, do 'ee, my dear, for I reckon they be both sleeping."

To go softly was a hard task for Gregory Blake, for such feet as his were not made for light steps.

Still he did his best, and succeeded thus far that it was only Elizabeth Lanyon's fierce fevered eyes that met his, wide open in anger and dismay, while Grace's lids kept closed and her young healthy sleep was undisturbed either by his tread or his voice.

She was seated in a low chair by the bed, her face resting on her arm, which was thrown across the pillow.

Her long hair had become unfastened, and its rich chestnut braids fell in beautiful profusion over her fair shoulders.

Gregory Blake glanced at her angrily.

"I'm sorry, Elizabeth, thee'st troubled like this with the ill-conditioned child of a bad man," he said, pitching his voice to its lowest tone.

"But I'm here now to look after thee as I promised; and I'll see no harm comes of thy sickness."

The dying woman understood him too well.

He was here to keep watch and ward over her actions, and hinder her from carrying out righteous wishes that came too late.

A great agitation seized her, a crimson flush covered her face; then, the blood rushed back to her heart, she grew deathly pale and stretched out her hands wildly, as if seeking help that could never more come.

"You wouldn't hinder me from doing right, Gregory?" she said feebly.

"Business is over and done with long ago," answered the man, with his determined eyes set fixedly on hers.

"I'll knock down the first man, or woman either, that dares come troubling you now in your state with any talk of that sort."

"Oh, I be weak—weak indeed!" moaned Mrs. Lanyon, wringing her hands together.

"But I won't be gainsaid in my own house.

"You let me be, Gregory Blake, and leave me to myself.

"Leave you to her, you mean—leave you to be cheated and wronged and made do in your weakness what you'd never do in strength.

"No, no! Elizabeth, I bide here and hold my rights till I see your dead face laid back on that pillow!"

His coarse unfeeling speech wrung a cry from her lips; her strength was too broken to bear this cruel excitement, this setting of her feeble will against the strong determination of this man.

She felt it, and strove no more; but this yielding of her last and passionate desire to do right, for which she had kept strength, for which she had forced herself to live, broke the thin thread which held her spirit here.

A few murmured words unheard, a few tears, and then her eyes grew fixed, her face white and ghastly.

Frightened at what he had done, and yet not believing in this dire consequence of his hardness, the man stood stupidly supine and silent.

The room seemed filled with his breath only, so quiet was Grace's child-like sleep, so quiet Mrs. Lanyon's fast-coming death.

The sound of galloping broke the stillness; the man heard it, and half turned his head, not his frightened eyes, towards the casement.

Mrs. Lanyon was looking on him with a gaze that touched his marrow.

He saw her move her hand and lay it on her grandchild's head.

"Grace, Grace! The pale horse!" she murmured, her senses wandering back to their old delirium.

At the touch of her cold hand Grace started from her sleep bewildered, and saw a strange burly man standing at the bed's foot with countenance full of terror—saw Mr. Fitzurse as in a dream coming towards her from the open door; and then, as her heart bounded with a great shock, she turned her eyes away and saw her grandmother's dead face fallen back on the pillow where a moment before her own head had lain.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHY did you order the gentleman to go up-stairs?" asked Jeremiah angrily.

"If waun went up, why not two?" returned Molly, with a burst of logic that overpowered her father.

"And now I be going hoam to bed, for my eyes be full of sand, and I feel whizzy in my head like."

Molly however was not fated to take rest so soon, for a sharp cry from Grace, uttered in terror, made her pause with the latch of the door in her hand, and in another moment Mr. Fitzurse was by her side.

"Go to the room above and stay with Miss Lanyon," he said, in a voice of command.

"Where does the nearest doctor live?" he asked of Jeremiah.

"Auh, there be waun in Church-town, who be a first-rate man when he bain't in drink.

"And I reckon this time in the mornin' he'll be straight as a thread," said Jeremiah, with a slight tone of doubt.

"Then take my horse and fetch him instantly."

"Teddn't more'n a step, sir."

"But ride all the same," returned Mr. Fitzurse impatiently.

"Mrs. Lanyon has fainted."

* * * * * *

"Syncope," said the Doctor, letting fall the lifeless wrist on which his fingers had rested.

"But for this, she might have lived a few days—perhaps a week—longer."

"So she's dead?" said Gregory in a questioning voice.

"Undoubtedly.

"She ought to have been kept quiet, as I ordered yesterday," resumed the Doctor, with bleared eyes passing on from face to face.

"She has had some recent agitation, I presume?"

"Not that I know of," answered Gregory.

"I arrived a minute only before she died.

"But I'm master here now; and, if you've anything to say to me, better say it to me alone.

"I don't see as strangers can expect to be welcome at such a time," he added, with gaze fixed on Mr. Fitzurse.

From the moment the Doctor had declared Mrs. Lanyon really dead, the man had been unable to conceal his brutal satisfaction.

A pin-point gleam of cruel triumph shone in either eye, and the fright that for a moment had overcome his nerves had vanished before his secret content.

He was his old self again now—burly, strong, resolute, ready to do battle instantly for his rights.

"Then perhaps we had better go down-stairs," observed the Doctor.

"No; I don't leave this room with these people in it.

"I know my kinswoman kept her deeds and valuables here, and I'm going to look to all boxes and keys myself.

"I'm sole executor and master here, miss—that you'll find; and I'll give you proof when you like.

"I want this house to myself, if you please, and to them whom I shall put in it."

Grace was weeping; she scarcely heard his coarse words.

She did not listen to any voice until Mr. Fitzurse spoke.

"Miss Lanyon certainly has no intention of troubling you with her presence.

"She and I depart instantly.

"Her solicitor will protect her interests.

"I will take care of that."

"Will you?" said the other insolently.

"The sooner the better.

"I'm not the man to be afraid of a mealy-faced lawyer."

Mr. Fitzurse made no reply.

"Grace," he whispered tenderly, bending over the big arm-chair, in which her slight figure looked small and childlike, "you will come with me—you will come away at once?"

"With you?"

And, letting her hands drop from her face, she looked up at him with candid eyes, loving and truthful as a child's.

"With me, back to Caermorran."

His words were a prayer, his voice was full of beseeching, his eyes were on hers, drawing her very soul toward him.

Her resolve on flight fled like a shadow when light vanishes; she was full of grief, full of weariness; to be near him, to be with him was rest and consolation and joy in one.

Yet she made a slight struggle ere she yielded.

"Cannot I stay here till—till poor grandmother is buried?"

"Have you not heard that man's words?" he asked.

"This house is his now; he has ordered you to leave it.

"He remains here himself.

"Surely you would not wish to stay here with such a companion?"

Grace glanced at Gregory Blake's coarse hard face, and, turning away with a shudder, she put her hand on Mr. Fitzurse's arm.

He felt that light touch thrill his whole frame with joy.

The cold presence of Death, the solemn awe of the white face, could not steal from his veins the ecstatic rapture that his hot blood carried to his heart as he felt that with this touch Grace had given herself to him.

They went out together in the dawn, and the rising sun met them like a bridegroom coming forth from his chamber.

Mr. Fitzurse threw the bridle of his good gray on his arm and walked by Grace's side in silence.

In truth, he feared to speak, lest words would break the spell of obedience to his wish which seemed to rule her now.

It was not till they reached the top of the hill, and both simultaneously turned to look at the deep dayshine of the sea, that either spoke.

"You were not much terrified, Grace, I hope?"

"Death is dreadful," she answered.

"It seems without remedy—hopeless, endless, final.

"But I know that when night falls day rises again; so I try to hope—yet I feel that my heart is not so strong with that hope as it should be.

"Oh, I was very frightened!

"I am frightened still."

He drew nearer to her, but did not venture on a caress; her mood was too grave and solemn, and her unconscious dignity too great.

Never yet had he dared even to touch her hand.

But his nearness now brought a bright color to her cheeks; she drew back a step and let her eyes wander over the glimmering foam-flecked sea.

"What do you see there, Grace?" he asked.

"Light and sound and life and death—they are all over there in the sea.

"I was looking for the great crag where I used to sit and sing; but the dawn is too weak yet to touch the shore."

"I wish I could have heard you sing, Grace.

"All earth and heaven and sea are molten into one music when you sing."

She looked up at him a moment and smiled.

A musician less divine than herself would have called his words flattery; but to her, the inspired utterer of the voiceless glories of land and sky and ocean, it did but seem that one heart had interpreted and understood.

That smile of hers made him strangely glad.

He walked on with a lighter heart; yet her steps lingered a little, and her gaze left the light-tipped waves with tender regret.

He was almost jealous of her love for the sea.

"I am a sad bungler always.

"I should have waited for the carriage I ordered Prue to send.

"You will be very tired, Grace."

"No; the walk does me good.

"And why did you order a carriage?

"You could not guess I should return with you.

"If things had not happened so sadly, I should have stayed."

"I came to take you back, and I should have done it, even if Death had not helped me."

"Ah, no, I think not!

"You cannot understand all the reasons that took me away, and that will yet take me far from you."

"I know of no reason that will henceforth part you and me," he said, resolutely.

"No reason in your past?" she asked, letting her gaze rest on him a moment mournfully.

He hesitated an instant, and then said decidedly—

"No, none."

"I am glad to hear you say that.

"But there is much reason in my future," she said.

"Your future is my future and my care," he answered.

She did not reply, for she had not caught the full meaning of his words.

To her they only alluded to their returning to their old half-sad, half-glad days at Caermorran; and, though she was going back to these now, her heart admonished her that it could be but for a time.

She felt that he was but a shadow flitting into her life for a moment, then vanishing for ever.

And this did not take from her that more sacred and inner feeling that, when she laid her hand upon his arm in the chamber of death, she had yielded her will and her heart, and flung down voicelessly that unseen barrier which had risen up between them like a dark wall.

They had reached now the old milestone where they had first met.

It stood dry and bare by the roadside, whitening in the fast-rising sun, and no longer covered by grasses and bind-weed.

It still seemed to beckon on the way to London, and its gray granite visage to Grace wore a look of reproach.

"Ah, here is our old friend the milestone!" said Mr. Fitzurse, stopping in his walk and looking at it with one of his odd smiles.

Yes, here was the spot where he had first found her and taken her by the hand and led her to his home for charity.

Grace watched the shadows come and go upon his face; and quick to feel any change that broke upon his fancy, she said wistfully.

"Yes, there is the milestone by which I stood when I first saw you.

"Are you not wrong to wish me to return?

"Shall we part here where we first met?

"The hour is the same," she added, laying a trembling touch upon his arm, "only it is morning, and then it was evening.

"See—the sun and the stars are both in the sky."

"Foolish child!" he answered, suddenly encircling her with the arm she had touched. "We will not part here or elsewhere. There is no time of farewell between you and me written in any sky."

"None?" she gasped, frightened at his vehemence. "How can that be?"

"Because death only can part true man and wife. Grace, will you be that to me?"

For one single second of wonder and of doubt she gazed into his face and read there she knew not what, but in that gaze their spirits rushed together and met in the breathing of lips upon lips.

It was an unpremeditated kiss, as full of surprise as of joy, a moment ago it was an impossible dream, and now it was a reality. She stood trembling within the circle of his arm, her lips yielding to the pressure of his in a caress that seemed to him the maddest and the gladdest that life could bring him. The power of love had been stronger than the wills of earth; it had drawn them together as with resistless cords of electricity; but the duration of its force was but for a moment.

She flitted from his arm like a shadow and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh why have you said this? Why have you done this to me? I have broken my promise to my father. When he kissed me and said 'Good-bye,' he made me vow that no man should touch my lips till he came again."

As she lifted her drooped head, her lover saw tears in her eyes, and this checked the smile with which he had heard her.

"Your father was right; but he would not have you deny a kiss to your husband, Grace. You have promised now to be my wife."

"No, no. I am too poor, too mean. You cannot be in earnest."

"I am in deadly earnest," he answered, in that strange tone which so often bewildered her. "Why should you hesitate? Is it because you do not love me?"

"No, no; but you do not quite understand; you do not see that my life cannot be like other women's lives. And my father is a prisoner. I must try to help him."

"And you shall, Grace. And if money can set him free, we shall rescue him, you and I. Political prisoners often escape, and money can reach them even in the mines of Siberia. Are you doubtful still? Is it I whom you doubt?"

She raised her eyes and met his pleading gaze with a look full of sorrow.

"Yes, I doubt you a little. I think you would be sad to-morrow if I said 'Yes' to-day."

"Then you do wrong," he answered eagerly.

"I know I have wavered. I have been unfair, ungenerous to you, but not for the reason you imagine.

"What do you know of me that you should think yourself an unfitting wife for me?

"You have seen me only as a poor gentleman keeping a queer establishment and holding aloof from all the world in boorish loneliness.

"Come, Grace, we are equals; believe me. Equals! No, you are far above me, child, as the stars.

"And Heaven is my witness that I stand in sore need of help and comfort, and am poorer in a way than you.

"And it may be Grace, that to link your life with mine would not lead you on a path of roses."

His voice grew troubled, the hand he held pleadingly towards her trembled, some strong thrill of pain shook his frame, and, with instant sympathy, it thrilled through her likewise.

It was he then who needed comfort, he that needed assurance of love more than herself.

She lifted her eyes to his and made a step towards him, and in another moment he had clasped her closely, and her face was hidden on his shoulder.

She half enclosed him with her arms for just a second's space, saying, in that calm sweet tone which had for him such a soothing charm—

"To be with you could never be unhappiness for me. If I shall not shame you, if it will not harm you to have so poor a wife as I, then I will love you all my life."

He let her finish because he was greedy of her words, because his ear ached for her

voice, and because the longing of his heart for love was greater than the longing of his lips for hers; but now, as her shy tender face once more drooped upon his shoulder, he raised it, and their lips met again—not as the first time, unwittingly and with a child-like touch, but with the clinging of earnest passion.

It was the first time love's seal had ever touched those sweet pure lips, and to her the moment was one of supreme joy and wonder; it was the revelation of a new world.

She leant within the circle of his arm tremblingly, with head upon his breast, and the beating of her heart perceptible to him, as he held her closely pressed.

Neither spoke and the sweet morning air breathed a perfumed silence around them—a silence to be remembered for it was full of joy, and the thousand subtle feelings of their hearts found a voice in it.

Such moments in life are rare, and they pass more quickly than the flash of a swallow's wing; and yet both knew that their spirits had met in the communion of that kiss, and that this swiftly flying moment of time could never be forgotten by either while life beat within their veins.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In a Coal Mine.

BY M. S. LEATHES.

AN exceedingly discontented-looking fellow was Mark Walton, as he swung back and forth in the hammock suspended from the wide-spreading apple-tree, one May afternoon.

A handsome man was Mark, with his broad, white forehead, his laughing blue eyes and mouth as sweet-looking as any woman's; but as he lay there, he was not thinking of his surroundings.

His brow was knitted as if solving some perplexing problem, and a stern, resolute look settled at last upon his face.

Handsome, we said; yes, as beautiful—well, say as a Sevres vase, and about as useless, by which comparison we do not wish it understood that he was fragile.

A stalwart, six-foot specimen of manhood, with broad chest, muscles that could use dumb-bells, go through the whole course of calisthenics; could row vigorously, together with other useful accomplishments; but, with all these acquirements, he was thoroughly indolent.

With a comfortable fortune, what need was there for exertion?

Finely educated, and with plenty of native talent, he was drifting with the current.

Something at last stirred his sluggish nature.

He fell in love with a penniless girl, or, at least, one who was dependent upon her own exertions for a living—a teacher, teaching the village school, coming in by train from Marshton every morning, and returning at night to the little home where her parents lived—her father, an invalid clergyman, and she, the only daughter, eking out their slender resources by that schoolroom labor.

The school-house stood just out of the village, and was almost concealed from view by a curve in the road.

Surrounded by a grove of ash-trees, the schoolhouse, painted white and with green blinds, formed a pretty contrast to the delicate foliage, and Mark Walton found it an attractive spot.

He had often strolled that way through the pleasant summer days a year before; and when she came back for another summer, he still found himself planning and timing his walks so that he would be likely to meet Alice Danforth on her way from school.

Thus the time passed, for more than a month, and he thought from the sly glances she sometimes gave him—from the roseate flush that would mount to her cheeks—that she was not indifferent; so the night before we see him swinging under the apple-tree he had walked out to the school-room, detaining her till the last chubby urchin disappeared round the curve, to tell her a story—old but ever new.

It was told eloquently, too, for his heart was in every word he uttered, and his eyes were luminous with feeling, his voice tremulous with his great passion.

She listened with flushed cheeks, and pearly tears glistened in the clear grey eyes, but the answer was a decided refusal; and then, as men are apt to do, he grew unreasonable, and declared that she loved another, pacing hurriedly up and down the little school-room, chafing and fuming at an imaginary rival.

"How absurd you are, Mark," Alice Danforth said at last, when he came and threw himself down on the seat beside her begging her to tell him who was first in her affections.

"I love no one, as you take for granted."

"Ah, then you were only teasing me, and you do love me.

"Tell me that you will be my wife," he said, trying to take her hand in his, but it was withdrawn, and again a shadow came over the fair young face of the girl as she looked into his with a glance that had more of pity than love in its expression.

"No; and you will be angry if I tell you why," she answered.

"Tell me the truth, even if it prove hard to bear," he said.

So, sitting there in the quiet schoolroom with the setting sun throwing its slanting light through the leafy boughs, Alice Danforth told him plainer truths than he had ever listened to before regarding his life—plainer truths than he would have borne from another—that he was an idler; that his life was purposeless; and that she would never marry a man whose sole object was to live for self.

Much more she said that was quite as unpalatable; and Mark Walton, with bowed head, sat there and listened—heard her through, while wave after wave of crimson flushed his face; and when, at last, the earnest young speaker finished—the sun had gone to rest in a great bed of fleecy crimson and gold, and twilight had thrown faint shadows over leaf and flower.

Mark Walton walked to the station with the young teacher—walked beside her in silence; and as they waited for the train, he clasped Alice's hand for a second in his own, as he said—

"Will you bid me good-bye, and give me a God speed, Alice, for I am going away? If I ever become anything more than the idler I am now, may I come back and claim this hand?" and pressing it fervently to his lips he walked away, while Alice Danforth, with that same hand pressed tenderly to her rosy cheek, entered the carriage, and went home that night to a late supper.

* * * * * *

For three more years Alice Danforth taught the village school.

Her father grew more feeble, and she exerted all her energies to earn, with school and needle, enough to provide for the wants of her parents.

A pale, thoughtful-looking girl; the burden of life had fallen so heavily upon her, although patiently borne, and lightened by filial love, had given a mature look to her face not in keeping with her years.

Not alone in her father's house was felt the influence of her unselfish love; the poor of her father's parish called down blessings upon the rector's daughter.

She had never met Mark Walton since the night she bade him good-bye at the village station.

He went to another part of the country, and, although he had been back to Clifton, on the death of his widowed mother, it occurred during one of her vacations; so fate or accident had kept them apart.

She often wondered whether he was making his life a success or a failure; and sometimes she wished that she had softened a little the counsel she administered with such unsparing severity; but, it was too late to retrieve the error, if such it was, and she could only hope that it might at last have a good effect.

The three years had glided peacefully by, and again the teacher closed the books and door of her school-room for the summer vacation.

An intimate friend of her own school days sent an urgent invitation for Alice to spend the vacation with her.

She was married, and living in one of the bustling little villages dotted so thickly among the wild and romantic scenery of the mining country, for her husband had a large interest in a coal mine in the vicinity.

And so Alice Danforth started on her journey, little dreaming of what was to happen before she again saw home.

As she neared her destination a feeling of repulsion for the coarse, uncouth life of the little settlement came over her, and she wished herself back in Marshton.

But when they reached Glendale, instead of the rough settlement she expected to find, a thrifty little village met her eyes, spread out in the green valley.

A carriage in waiting conveyed her at once to the home of her friend—a cottage of modern style, delightfully situated a little distance up the valley.

A cordial welcome from her friend, Mrs. Vinton, and the renewing of old associations, made her feel at ease, and some days elapsed before Alice spoke of her impressions regarding mining districts.

"I am so glad, Kate," she said to her friend, "that miners are not such a disorderly set as I thought them.

"I had a nervous dread of coming here, and I see now how groundless were my fears."

"Mining villages are not all as quiet as this," replied Mrs. Vinton.

"This one is an exception, and the system and neatness you admire so much are due wholly to the efforts of our superintendent.

"The miners would almost give their lives to save his, but I fear that his labors for them are ended."

"And why?" asked Alice Danforth, with an interest that showed how much she appreciated exertions to ameliorate the condition of the laboring class.

"There was an explosion in the mine, and before it was safe to venture on account of the gas, he went down to rescue, if possible, some of the sufferers.

"The rope broke as he was descending, and he was precipitated upon the *debris* at the foot of the shaft.

"He was brought up insensible.

"He has a fine constitution, and rallied at first, but the shock to his nervous system was so severe that his recovery seems very doubtful at present; and if he lives he will be crippled for life."

"Brave fellow," said Alice, strangely interested; "where is he?"

"He is at his boarding-house," Mrs. Vinton replied, "and though he has the best of nursing he has no friends to care for him."

"Well," Alice said, "we will go and see him," for she was so accustomed to visiting the sick at home that such ministrations had become a part of her life.

"How much interested you are in our superintendent," remarked Kate Vinton mischievously.

"A man who has the courage to risk his life to save others should not be left to die alone.

"Even if he has care, he needs sympathy," Alice replied, with much feeling.

And so that afternoon, Kate Vinton's pony phaeton was brough to the door, and with a basket of wines and jellies, to tempt the appetite of the suffering invalid, Alice Danforth set out with her friend on their errand of mercy.

When they reached the boarding-house, and were shown up to the little darkened room of the patient, my readers will not be as much surprised as was Alice to find that the injured superintendent was Mark Walton; and his pale face was almost transfigured with joy as she bent over his pillow and whispered a few words of heart-felt sympathy; while Kate Vinton looked on for a single moment in wonder, and then walked off to the window with a lumpy sensation in her throat that made her voice husky when she spoke again.

When Alice Danforth bade the sufferer good-bye, with a promise of coming again on the morrow, he raised her hand to her lips and whispered—

"I was coming to claim this, but now I cannot, for, if I live, I shall be a cripple the rest of my life."

"It is yours now," Alice answered, and when he was able to walk with the aid of a crutch, they were married; and Mark Walton's wife is proud of that crutch, for it is a constant reminder of the test of his unselfish courage in a coal mine.

THE STORY OF A FLOWER.—It is not generally known that, in the first instance, the forget-me-not derived its name from its supposed talismanic or magic virtues—notices of which are frequently to be met with in many of the German legends. Thus, it is related, for example, how a traveler when wandering on a bleak and lonely mountain unexpectedly picks up a small blue flower which he sticks in his hat. He has no sooner done so than forthwith there appears before him an entrance into a magnificent hall, where he sees rubies, diamonds, and all kinds of precious stones piled up in huge heaps. Seizing the opportunity, he enters this enchanted building, and eagerly fills his pockets with the treasures that lie before him. In the excitement of the moment, however, his hat falls off, and with it the little flower, but in his anxiety to enrich himself as much as possible, he pays no heed to his loss. On taking his departure, the tiny flower, which has brought him so much good luck, calls after him, "Forget-me-not!"—a voice to which he turns a deaf ear, so bewildered is he through his strange adventure. As he passes out of the doorway the mysterious door closes behind him amid the clashing of thunder, and once more he finds himself a lonely traveler on the dreary mountain top. Although he searches on all sides for the entrance to the golden hall, yet it is in vain, as all sight of it has completely vanished, and never again is he favored with a view of it. On this account, however, the little blue flower was known as the "forget me not." This legend has a variety of forms, and in years gone by was current in many parts of the Continent. Thus, for example, sometimes a white lady confronts the traveler in his wanderings, and invites the finder of the luck-flower or "forget-me-not" to help himself to her treasures, warning him at the same time to be on his guard least he lose the magic charm. The sequel in most cases is generally the same: The unwary traveler, in his desire to enrich himself as quickly as possible, forgets the real secret of his good fortune. Such, then, are the talismanic properties formerly assigned to this little wild-flower, and hence originated the popular name assigned to it.

GIVE WHILE YOU LIVE.—There is something very absurd in the idea of trusting others to give one gifts. Events of every day occurance go to prove this. Twenty years ago a gentleman left to the child of a deceased friend the sum of ten thousand dollars, the interest to be used for her education and the principal to be hers when she became of age. She was abducted, the lawyers got her money, and she received nothing. A poor man worked for a rich man and loaned to his employer his hard earnings. Suddenly he died. He relatives endeavored to recover the money loaned, but the rich man had spent it in riotous living, the proofs that he ever had were all destroyed and nobody was benefitted. A wealthy gentleman of seventy years courted a lady of thirty. She would not consent to marry him, though he promised to settle upon her, the day day of the wedding, the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars. When he died it was found he had willed her, as a token of remembrance, the sum of one thousand dollars. His relatives were so exasperated at this that they contested her claim to that small sum for nearly seven years, and were finally forced by law to allow her to receive it. A lady died not long since who left a small article of her own handiwork to a beloved friend, but that friend will probably never get it unless she goes to law about the matter. These are a few simple cases where the gifts could have been made quietly during the lifetime of the giver and all useless litigation and publicity avoided, but they are like thousands of similar cases one hears of yearly, and the only wonder is that those who have gifts to give do not give them during life.

It is well to retain enough for one's own support and make due allowance for all probable contingences, but this holding fast to little helpful gifts until they can do neither the giver nor receiver any earthly good is foolish—nay worse, it is wicked.

SYLVIA A. MOSS.

Is it with nations as with individuals, those who think the least of others thinks the highest of themselves: for the whole family of pride and ignorance are incestuous, and mutually beget each other.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE "NILOMETER."—This is an instrument used in measuring the annual rise of the Nile, situated on the Island of Rodu. It consists of a square well or chamber, in the centre of which is a graduated pillar divided into seventeen cubits.

A BEGGAR'S STAND.—The following singular advertisement appeared in the year 1783, in a Scotch newspaper: "To be let.—A beggar's stand in a good, charitable neighborhood, bringing in about 90s. a week. Some good-will is required. N. B.—A dog for a blind man to be disposed of."

A TRICK.—A western circus manager arranged to have a wax baby dropped from a second-story window in every town which his show visited, just in time to be caught by one of his athletes. The performance was successful several times, and crowds went to see the hero of the rescue, until the papers exposed the trick.

THE FIERY TEARS.—Poetry and superstition have given to the August meteors the name of the Fiery Tears of St. Lawrence, because they occur on the anniversary of the day made memorable by the martyrdom of the famous saint. The constellation Perseus rises late in the evening in the northeast, and may be known by a semi-circle of stars forming the sword of the hero.

SONG OF TRADES.—Athenæus, says D'Israeli, has preserved the Greek names of different songs as sung by various trades, and among others he mentions one of the corn grinders, one for workers in wool, a carol for the reapers, and another for the herdsmen; while the kneaders, the bathers and the galley-rowers had each their chant. Among others is mention made of a song for the weavers.

KID GLOVES.—The enormous quantity of so-called kid gloves is greatly in excess of the amount of leather afforded by the skins of all the young goats annually killed to supply the demand. There has long been quite a trade carried on in Paris by the street boys in rat skins who have much profitable sport in catching them at the mouths of the great drains of the city. Our real kid skins come from Switzerland and Tuscany, dispatched from Leghorn.

EXPENSIVE DISHES.—Julius Cæsar gave Servilia the mother of Brutus, a pearl of the value of $200,000. Cleopatra, at an entertainment, gave to Antony, dissolved in vinegar, a pearl worth $200,000 and he swallowed it. Clodius, the son of Esopus, the comedian, swallowed one worth $40,000. One single dish cost Esopus $1000. Caligula spent for one supper $400,000, and Heliogabalus $10,000. The usual cost of a repast for Lucullus was $100,000, the fish from his pond were sold for $175,000.

SPANISH PROVERBS.—For a young horse, an old rider. For every pot its own lid. If you dress a monkey in silk, he is still a monkey. Anger of brothers, of devils. That is not a good hen who eats in your house and lays in another's. Make yourself honey, and the flies will eat you. Honor and profit are not found in the same bag. Of the man that does not speak, and the dog that does not bark, beware! Now that I own a sheep and an ass, every one says, 'Welcome, Pedro!' The cat is whipped when the mistress does not spin.

ABOUT BIRDS.—Of singing birds, the nightingale unites the highest perfection of qualities, the linnet next, then the tit-lark, the sky-lark, and the wood-lark, the gold-finch and the robin excel in lively notes. In July most singing birds become silent. Those which sing through the winter are chiefly young birds. Birds of passage which pass to very distant climes and regions return to the same localities, and often occupy the same nests, though absent for many months. Some writers pretend that swallows do not migrate because they find a few at the bottom of ponds, which have been drowned in skimming them to catch flies.

EAGLE AND EAGLETS.—A famous English preacher recently compared the uses of adversity to the eagle stirring up her nest: As in the 32d of Isaiah, when the mother eagle sees the eaglets' wings are strong enough to begin flying, she fills the nest with little stones and briers, tears out the moss and feathers wherewith she had softened the nest for the unfledged bird. The little thing finds himself so uncomfortable, that he gets on the edge of his old home, looks abroad, above and around; finally spreads his new wings (she does not stir him up till she knows his wings will bear it.) But if the young wings weaken the watchful mother bird swoops under him and bears him up.

THE GREATEST VOLCANO.—The greatest active volcano in respect of eruption is probably Hecla, on the southwest coast of Iceland, though Vesuvius on the east side of the Bay of Naples may be said to dispute the palm with it. Hecla rises to a height of 5,110 feet above the sea and is surrounded by many much higher mountains. It has three peaks and along its side numerous craters, the seats of former eruptions. The crater of its principal peak is a little over one hundred feet in depth. Since A. D. 900 forty-three of its eruptions have been recorded, five of which were simultaneously or nearly so, with those of Vesuvius, and four with those of Etna and one with those of both. Vesuvius rises 3,948 feet above the sea level. Its crater is 1,500 feet in diameter and 500 feet deep. The crater of both of these famous volcanoes are far exceeded in dimensions by that of the "mountain of fire" of Sicily, whose crater has been estimated to be four miles in circumference and 800 feet in depth.

WHY THE COWS CAME LATE.

BY JOHN HEYNTON.

Crimson sunset burning
O'er the tree fringed hills;
Golden are the meadows,
Ruby flushed the rills,
Quiet in the farmhouse,
Home the farmer hies:
But his wife is watching,
Shading anxious eyes.
While she lingers with her pail beside the barnyard gate,
Wondering why her Jenny and the cows come home so late!

Jenny, brown-eyed maiden,
Wandered down the lane;
That was ere the daylight
Had begun to wane.
Deeper grew the shadows;
Circling swallows cheep;
Katydids are calling:
Mists o'er meadows creep,
Still the mother shades her eyes beside the barnyard gate,
And wonders where her Jenny and the cows can be so late!

Loving sounds are falling,
Homeward now at last
Speckle, Bess and Brindle
Through the gate have passed.
Jennie, sweetly blushing,
Jamie gray and shy,
Take the pails from mother,
Who stands silent by.
Not one word is spoken as that mother shuts the gate,
But now it knows why Jenny and the cows came home so late!

THE BROKEN RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE season was a brilliant one.

The news of Miss Hatton's engagement was received by some with pleasure, by others with annoyance.

Those who had known her before saw a wonderful change in her; the restless expression had gone from her face, and in its place rested perfect calm.

No one could look at her and not know that she was happy beyond words.

In time the crowd of "fashionables" grew accustomed to seeing Sir Basil always by her side; even her admirers accepted the situation and resignedly took the second place.

Sir Basil tried by the most assiduous attention to make up for any short-coming there might be in his love.

He was Leah's shadow.

Every day brought her flowers, books, music, presents of every kind, from one who externally was the most devoted of lovers.

There were times when he almost believed himself to be one of the happiest men living, when he was lost in wonder at the prize he had won, and tried to assure himself that there was nothing left for him to desire.

Yet he knew that the depths of his heart had never been stirred, that he was capable of a deeper, far greater love than this; his heart had never yet beaten the quicker for any word of Leah's; he had a kindly affection for her—that was all.

He would have given her the love of his manhood if he could have done so; but she had failed to touch his heart.

She would never know it.

He could make her happy, he could crown her life, and she would never suspect that he had not loved her with his whole heart and of his own free will.

It did not occur to him that it was a dangerous thing to marry without love, no matter how great the temptation might be; he forgot that few men pass through life without some touch of the great fever called love; nor did he reflect that the fever might awake in his heart when it was all too late.

Leah's beauty delighted him, her grace and brilliancy fascinated him, he rejoiced in the admiration that her loveliness excited, but it was not love that shone in his eyes as he gazed upon her; and she was too much engrossed in her own love and happiness to notice any failure in him.

One evening, by some mischance, Sir Basil had been unable to accompany Leah to the theatre, and she had gone with the Duchess of Rosedene.

It was to see *Pygmalion and Galatea*.

By some strange fortune Hettie was in the theatre that night.

Martin Ray had long been ailing, and had lived for the past two years in the country.

He had come up to town on business, and, for his own comfort's sake, he had brought Hettie with him.

The landlady of the house where he was staying happened to have some tickets sent to her, and she begged Miss Ray to accept one.

Hettie, who seldom had any kind of enjoyment, whose life was one monotonous round of duty, was eager to avail herself of it.

Martin Ray raised no objection; he would be busy that evening with his companions, and she could please herself.

Hettie was delighted.

She had grown into a lovely girl.

She had not the brilliancy of Leah; she had not her fire and passion; she lacked her spirit and daring.

But she was sweet and loving; her angelic face told of an angelic nature; her fair tranquil loveliness touched men's hearts as does the strain of sweet music.

One felt the better even for looking at her: mean thoughts died in her presence.

She was "in the world, but not of it;" patience, self-sacrifice, resignation were written in each line of her sweet face.

Her golden hair had a darker sheen, her eyes a deeper light than they had on the night when she lost the sister who had been to her as the half of herself.

She was still in the very spring-tide of her girlhood, and nothing more fair, more loving, or more true could be imagined.

Her life had not been a happy one.

The loss of his brilliant daughter, for whom he had formed such great plans, had soured and embittered Martin Ray.

From the moment that Hettie had drawn away from Leah, and placed her arms around her father's neck, she had been most devoted to him; with angelic patience she had borne with all his discontent, his grumbling, his angry denunciation, his sullen resentment against the whole world, his selfish neglect of her. She waited upon him during the day, and then sat up during half the night to copy papers or to make extracts for him.

Her patience never wearied.

If any one pitied or sympathized with her, she would say, with her sweetest smile, "My poor father he has so much to bear!" She was so utterly unselfish.

No words could tell how she had thought of her beautiful sister—how she dreamed of her—how she tried to fancy what she had grown like and what she was doing.

Going to London made her think of Leah more than ever.

They had been living in a small country town, for Martin Ray's health was failing.

There could be no hope of seeing her sister there; but here, in London, there was a possibility.

Hettie watched the newspapers, and soon found that General Sir Arthur Hatton, with his beautiful niece, lived at Harbury House.

Sometime, when her father was out, she would pass and repass it—she would stand opposite it.

She did so, but never once did she see Leah.

Though both were living in the great city, they were far apart as the great poles.

In her heart all day she cried for Leah; on her lips trembled always the name of "Leah."

She read in the newspaper of Leah's triumph, that she was one of the most admired and popular queens of society.

She read of Leah at Court with the Duchess of Rosedene, of Leah at State ball and concert, of Leah at the most exclusive and *recherché* entertainments in London; and she longed with all her loving heart to see her in her grandeur and magnificence, to gaze once more at the beautiful face and into the dark eyes.

Her own eyes grew hot with burning tears when she thought of them.

The desire of her heart was unexpectedly granted.

She went to the theatre, little dreaming that her sister would be there on that same evening in all her brilliancy and magnificence.

Hettie and her companion were in the pit, and even that seemed a great thing to the girl.

The landlady had apologised; she would have liked to take Miss Ray to the dress circle, but it was not possible.

Simple, kindly Hettie protested that the pit was the very best part of the theatre, it was cooler, and one could see the stage better; which view of the matter largely helped to comfort her companion.

While the curtain was down, Hettie amused herself by looking round the house.

The scene was a complete novelty to her.

She enjoyed seeing the fair faces, the rich dresses, gleaming jewels, and exquisite bouquets.

After a short time she noticed that the attention of many people was directed towards a box on the grand tier.

She wondered what was the source of attraction, and she looked herself in the same direction.

Her eyes brightened and her beautiful features assumed an expression of wonder. It could never be, and yet——

She saw a lady dressed superbly in satin of the color of the most delicate heliotrope, with a suit of magnificent opals, a handsome woman with a stately graceful bearing, her face a charming combination of refinement and happiness.

She carried a fan the handle of which blazed with jewels, and before her lay a bouquet of costly flowers.

With her was a younger lady, so beautiful that Hettie's eyes were dazed as she looked at her.

She wore some soft shining material shrouded in rich black lace.

Her hair was fastened with diamond stars.

Before her lay a bouquet of scarlet passion-flowers.

The graceful arch of the neck, the gleaming white shoulders, the proud carriage of the head were all Leah's.

A cry rose to Hettie's white lips, which she suppressed; her heart beat fast, and something like a mist came before her eyes.

This magnificent woman in all her splendor of dress and jewels, surrounded by all that was gorgeous, was Leah, her sister.

Could it be possible that that beautiful head had ever rested on her breast, that night after night she had slept with that figure closely clasped in her arms?

Was that the face she had kissed in such an agony when they parted?

She gazed at it long and earnestly.

Leah's face had always been to her the fairest object on which the sun shone; now it was as fair, but there was a change in it.

Leah's face had been restless, had always worn a wistful look, as of one whose desires were not granted; now it was both calm and bright, while infinite love shone in the happy eyes.

That was Leah, her friend, companion, and sister.

She thought of the pale face when her sister had gone to Sir Arthur's side: she remembered the voice trembling with emotion which had said, "I asked Heaven to help me, and it has sent you to deliver me from this furnace of fire."

This was the same Leah, but calm and self-possessed.

She moved her fan with a languid grace.

She looked more at home and at ease in the midst of her splendor than she had looked in the little house in Manchester.

Hettie's heart yearned for her.

She could have stretched out her arms to her and cried out her name; but she had promised never again to speak one word to the sister whom she loved so dearly, never again.

Something more bitter than death had parted them.

Hettie saw no more of the stage until Leah's companion rose and both disappeared; she kept her eyes fixed on the proud face of her sister.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FROM that evening a fever of unhappiness seized Hattie.

She longed so intensely to see Leah again; her thoughts were always with her.

Martin Ray began to complain bitterly of his youngest child; she was so absent, so inattentive—it was the first time he had to find fault with her.

She was always dreaming instead of working, thinking instead of doing.

What had come over her? Nothing but an irresistible longing to see again the sister whom she so dearly loved.

Leah in her magnificence haunted her—Leah with the lovelight shining in her eyes.

Ah, how could she be so happy when she was parted for ever from them?

Did she remember them in the midst of her wealth and luxury?

Did she ever think of them—she who had once loved them so dearly?

At last the fever of longing mastered her.

She would not break her promise—she would not speak to her; but she must look upon her face again.

For days she struggled hard to find a few moments' leisure; but Martin seemed to know that she wanted a few hours to herself, so he kept her constantly employed. At last it came, this leisure hour for which she had longed.

Her father went out, and was not to return until after midnight.

Quick as thought she dressed herself. It was just eight o'clock, and she would probably be in time to see Leah leave Harbury House for whatever ball or party she might be attending.

Those who lived in that noble mansion little thought that the fair young sister of their beautiful mistress stood outside for many hours, with a wistful look on her pale face, her eyes fixed on the great entrance-door.

Leah had left the house before she reached it; but Hettie was resolved to wait for her return.

It would have touched a heart of stone to see the patient figure walking up and down with tireless footsteps.

The stars began to shine; silence fell over the great city; the distant roll of carriages grew less.

She could hear the measured tread of the policeman; the soft shadows of night fell around her.

She knew that she ought to go home; but she could not leave the spot until she had seen Leah's face once, if only for a moment.

At last came the sound of wheels; lights appeared, as though by magic, in the windows of the house.

The carriage drew up before the hall and the footman descended.

Hettie drew back into the shade as a flood of light fell upon the pavement.

She saw the carriage door flung open, the General descended first and then Leah.

She saw the lovely face, more beautiful than ever, enveloped in a mass of soft white lace.

Leah made some laughing remark as she stepped from the carriage to the ground; and Hettie saw that she carried a bouquet of scarlet flowers in her hand.

In another minute she had passed through the wide open door.

Then Hettie came forward and touched the footman on the arm.

"I will give you," she said, "five dollars for the flowers which that lady carried in her hand. Could you get them for me if I remain here?"

The man looked at her in astonishment.

"Do you understand?" she went on quickly. "I will give you five dollars for the flowers which that lady carried in her hand."

The light from the lamp fell on her sweet upraised face, and the man was more bewildered.

"What do you want them for?" he then asked.

"Never mind," she replied—"I do want them. Do not waste time talking to me, but get them if you can."

"Look here," said the footman; "that lady is our young mistress, and I would not have any harm come to her."

"I mean no harm," she turned quickly. "I simply want them to keep by me after they are withered and dead, for love of her—that is all; but I do not wish any one to know."

"Oh, if that is what you want them for, all right!" said the man. "I will get them for you. Stand there; I will not be a minute."

Leah had laid her bouquet on one of the hall-tables.

It was composed of scarlet passion-flowers.

The man took it up and went back to the door.

"Here," he said briefly; and the next moment Hettie had changed the five dollars for the faded bouquet.

How she loved her treasures! How she kissed them! Leah had held them in her hand, perhaps even touched them with her lips.

"It is all that I shall ever have to remind me of my beautiful Leah," she said to herself. "I will keep them as long as I live."

She hastened home, reaching there fortunately before Martin Ray's return.

In her own mind Hettie had decided to repeat her little experiment.

If she could see Leah once or twice each week, it would amply repay her for any trouble.

But her pleasant anticipations were soon destroyed.

Martin Ray was not well pleased with his visit to London.

He was not treated with the respect which he considered due to himself; besides which his health was rapidly failing.

He did not rest until he had left the great city behind him and was once more in his pleasant country cottage.

Leah did not know that her sister had seen her, and the little incident of the flowers had never been mentioned.

It happened that an artist, traveling in the county where Martin Ray and Hettie lived, had seen her, and had made a very perfect sketch of her face; this he had afterwards made the subject of a picture that he sent to the Royal Academy.

It was called "The First Glimpse of Morning," and it was one of the finest paintings exhibited that year.

It represented a young girl looking from a casement window in the early morning.

The gray and rosy dawn was in the eastern skies; the trees and flowers seemed to be waking from their sleep, and a few birds were on the wing.

The window was wreathed with lovely roses; and the girl's face, framed in the green foliage and crimson flowers, was something to wonder at.

On it there was the reverent look of one whose first thoughts in the morning had been given to Heaven—a face so fair and sweet that one felt the better for gazing upon it.

The golden hair and the blue eye, the delicate bloom, the spiritual rapt expression, made the picture famous.

Leah and Sir Basil went together to the Royal Academy.

She was exceedingly fond of pictures.

"Have you seen 'The First Glimpse of Morning,' Leah?" he asked her. "If not, come this way. There is always a crowd round it. There—that is my ideal face, the loveliest that could be either imagined or copied."

Leah looked at it earnestly, and in her own heart she thought how much it was like the face of her lost sister.

She did not know then that it was perfectly like her.

"It is a lovely face," she said slowly, wondering if Hettie, whom it so closely resembled, had grown up as beautiful as that.

"Do you know," said Sir Basil, "that I see in it a great likeness to you?"

"Do you?" she questioned, her face flushing warmly.

Then, as though he had made a discovery that surprised him, he said:

"That face, Leah, has what yours in some way lacks—tenderness."

It was perfectly true; yet the moment he had said the words he repented of them: she looked so terribly pained.

"I am sorry that my face lacks anything in your eyes," she said—"above all, tenderness."

"Do not misunderstand me, Leah. I do not say the heart—merely the lines of the face."

"What do the lines of my face express?" she asked.

"Courage, pride, spirit," he replied. "This face is full of yielding and sweetness."

She said no more.

But, after they had left the Academy and reached home, Leah went up to her lover.

He was bending over a table, writing.

She put her arm round his neck, and her beautiful face touched his.

"Basil," she whispered, "I am not happy."

"What is the matter, Leah?" asked he.

With her white hands she raised his head until his eyes looked into his own.

"Will you promise not to laugh at me," she said, "if I tell you why?"

"Yes; I promise, Leah."

"I am not happy because you have seen a face you like better than mine."

"Nay, Leah, I did not say that.

"I said that the picture had what you lacked.

"I did not add that I liked it better," he said.

"Do you like my face—love it, I mean?" she whispered.

For answer he kissed the sweet lips and whispered words such as she longed to hear.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LET us repeat the happy experiment of last autumn," said the Duchess of Rosedene to Sir Arthur.

"Come with us to Dene.

"I do not remember ever to have enjoyed anything more than your visit.

"I will ask Sir Basil to come, and the two lovers will be happy—that is, if such unreasonable beings as lovers are ever happy.

"They seem to me more often discontented."

The Duchess had keen eyes, and she had noticed the shadow that lay on Sir Basil's face.

It was not the shadow of discontent, or of sorrow, but of something words could not define.

More than once she had wondered if he were quite as happy as the successful lover of one of the most beautiful girls in England should be.

She knew nothing of the General's interference, and had no idea that Basil's declaration of love had been anything but spontaneous.

She decided in her own mind that they would go to Dene Abbey again for the autumn, and while there the marriage might be arranged for the following spring.

That would give the lovers a few months more of the happiest time of their life, and they would learn to understand each other even better than now.

Sir Arthur and Leah were quite willing; they were even delighted.

Leah liked the Abbey better than any other place on earth, because she most implicitly believed that it was there Sir Basil had learned to love her.

She should again see the marble Undine with its grace and beauty, and the rippling waters that had sung that night of love.

August found them at Dene, well and happy, without the faintest knowledge of the doom that was fast drawing nigh.

The Abbey was built near Southwood, a pretty town on the slope of a green hill, and so close to the sea that when the tide rose high some of the houses were not unfrequently in danger.

The little town ran up the hill after a quaint fashion of its own, and the houses seemed to climb with the social position of those who occupied them.

The fishermen and boatmen lived at their base; but nearer to the summit stood the pretty villas inhabited by the gentry—picturesque little houses half buried in foliage and overlooking the boundless, restless sea.

Partly on account of its bracing air, and partly because he at times had a few engagements in the neighboring towns, Martin Ray had for some years made this place his home.

His health was bad, his spirits broken, his means were small, his life was spoiled, saddened, blighted, his heart restless and embittered.

It seemed that only hatred kept him alive—hatred that burned in his heart more virulently than ever—hatred of all rule, all authority.

The spirit and courage of his youth had left him.

For four years he had lived in a cottage standing alone on the slope of the hill.

When the tide was in and one looked from the upper windows, it seemed as though the house almost hung over the sea.

It was called Rosewalk, because the hedges of the lane in which it stood were covered with roses.

Rosewalk was one of the beauties of Southwood; and here, where the murmur of the waves lulled him to rest and the song of the birds woke him in the early morning, Martin Ray made his home.

As he sat watching the crimson sunsets over the waves, what visions came to him!

His life had all gone wrong.

He had intended to make for himself a place in history, and he had failed; he had mistaken self-love and self-interest for patriotism.

Most of all, as he sat hour after hour watching the blue sea from the rose-wreathed windows, he brooded over the loss of his daughter, the child who had voluntarily left his side and clung to a stranger.

He never forgot that scene.

The name of his daughter and the hated stranger had never been breathed; yet, when the crimson sun sank into the waves and the day died, it was of his beautiful Leah he had dreamed and thought, the child whom he had intended to succeed him.

A man like Martin Ray is soon lost to memory.

He lives on popular agitation; and when strength and health fail him, and he can no longer go among the people with words that "fret and stir," he is very soon forgotten.

Martin had few friends; his name was no longer a tower of strength.

He learned in that beautiful home by the sea some of the most bitter lessons.

The one joy of his life was his fair sweet Hettie, the child who loved him with such faithful, tender love, who had devoted her life to him since she made her choice five years before.

Martin Ray could not have lived without her.

Hettie made the most of her education; she gave lessons to the children of the well-to-do people who lived in the neighboring villas, she sang in the fine old Norman church, she made pretty little sketches of the lovely scenes around them, and so earned money enough to supply her father with all that he needed.

It was characteristic of him that he never noticed his daughter's shabby dress or her worn shoes.

She gave him unreservedly all she had—her love, her money, her time, and her attention.

The only break that ever came to the monotony of her life was when her father, going out on business, took her with him for a few days.

She thought it an act of kindness on his part, while he knew that without his most loving and devoted daughter he should enjoy very little comfort.

She had never spoken to him of what she had seen and read of Leah.

She knew that he had perused the newspapers, but no word or look from him revealed the fact that he had seen her name.

Hettie was compelled to preserve silence on the subject, but her thoughts reverted to Leah.

So it often happened that, when father and daughter sat together in the porch of the pretty cottage, watching the sea in the distance, both were thinking of Leah.

Martin saw her still as the beautiful child with the flash of defiance on her face with which she had left him.

Hettie dreamed of her always as she had seen her last, in the brilliancy of her beauty and magnificence.

Neither of them ever imagined how near she was to them.

Southwood did not possess a newspaper of its own, and Dene Abbey was quite out of their world.

The great green hill rose between them, and separated them as though they were in different hemispheres.

In Southwood no one troubled himself or herself about politics.

"The Voice of the People" was dumb there; the popular agitator was but little known.

Most people had an idea that the quiet, stern-looking occupier of Rosewalk was a writer; and they knew that they could not be well-off, because his daughter had to support him by her exertions.

This fair gentle girl, whose whole life was spent in working for others, who never had time to think of herself, was greatly beloved.

If ever she had a leisure hour, it was spent in some deed of charity.

She visited the sick and the sorrowful; from her slender store she helped those who were in greater need.

When means failed her, when she had neither food nor money to bestow, she gave kind words full of consolation and tender in their wisdom.

She worked very hard, from early morn until dewy eve.

She rose with the sun.

She had manuscripts to copy for her father, lessons to arrange, a hundred things to do.

If the day had been twice as long, she could have filled it with pleasant duties.

She was beloved by all—by the children whom she taught, by the parents who employed her, by every person with whom she had to deal.

It was not only her fair angelic beauty, but her sweet temper and winsome ways that won all hearts.

These were the days of Martin Ray's decadence, and he could not perhaps have chosen any spot on earth where he could have been more secluded or more forgotten.

It was a strange chance that brought these two sisters so near together, yet placed them so far apart.

The steep green hill that stood between Dene Abbey and Southwood was typical of the great barrier of caste which parted them.

There were times when both at the same moment watched the same sea, the same skies, yet neither had the least notion of the other's presence in that part of the country.

The summer had been hot and oppressive.

Martin Ray had suffered much, and it was some relief when the cool breezes of autumn came.

They heard casually that Dene Abbey was filled with visitors, but that any of the visitors concerned them never occurred to them.

Father and daughter would not have sat so quietly watching the heaving waters had they known that Leah was so near them.

The occupants of Dene Abbey seldom attended the pretty old Norman church at Southwood, where Hettie sang so sweetly and so clearly.

There was a church nearer to them called St. Barbauld's which stood in the centre of a little village near the sea.

But Sir Basil liked Southwood best.

He admired the quaint old Norman church, with its square tower and fine arches.

Through the windows one could see the tall old elm trees; and Sir Basil said that more devotional thoughts came to him there than in any other place.

So, one Sunday morning, when the whole party went over to St. Barbauld's, Sir Basil went through the woods, climbed the steep hill, and descended the beautiful grassy slopes, until he reached the old Norman church where his fate awaited him.

The Rector read the prayers, and said a few words to the people—simple honest words that went home to every heart and left an impression there.

When the clear earnest voice ceased, there was a slight stir in the organ-loft, and then a dead silence.

What broke it?

A clear sweet voice which Sir Basil never forgot, singing a solo in a grand old anthem, every word of which was distinct and audible—beautiful words, well matched with the fine music and the angelic voice.

He listened in wonder; he had heard some of the finest singers in Italy and some of the grandest music in the world, but nothing like this—clear, sweet, and pathetic, at times sounding as though it were full of tears, and again jubilant and ringing.

He was not sentimental, and flattered himself that he took a practical view of most things; but as he listened he thought to himself—

"That must be how the angels sing!"

He looked up in the organ-loft from which the sound came, and there he saw a picture that was photographed on his brain for evermore.

A tall slender girl stood in the midst of the choir, in a dress of pale blue—a girl with a face so fair, so rapt, so seraphic, that it awed and bewildered him.

She was singing—not to the people, who listened with bated breath—not to him, whose eyes never moved from her face.

Her head was slightly upraised, her face upturned.

Her thoughts had pierced the old groined roof and the blue ether that lay beyond, and had gone to the land where angels dwell.

Her golden hair made a halo round her head, and he could have thought that an angel had descended from "the realms of light."

Then, as the perfect spiritual loveliness of the face dawned upon him, he found that it was strangely familiar to him.

Somewhere else he had seen those lustrous blue eyes and that sweet pleading mouth—the same face, but with a different expression.

Then it dawned upon him slowly that this girl had been the original of the picture, "The First Glimpse of Morning," and he remembered what he had said to Leah. "That face has what yours lacks—tenderness."

"I am destined to know her through the arts," he said to himself.

"She dawned upon me in painting, I see her etherealised by music—yet what is she to me?"

She was nothing to him, yet during the whole of the day that rapt spiritual face seemed always before him.

He would have asked who she was, but he knew no one there, and when the anthem was finished she vanished.

He lingered in the old churchyard, where the tall elm-trees cast graceful shadows on the grass, but he caught no glimpse of her.

He went home to Dene Abbey with the clear rich voice ringing in his ears.

There was a little rivulet that ran through the Dene woods; he bent over it, lo, the sweet face smiled at him from its clear depths!

He laughed at himself.

No woman's face had ever haunted him before.

With all its brilliant beauty, even Leah's had not haunted him as this one did.

During luncheon he spoke of the music he had heard at Southwood, of the clear sweet soprano voice; so rich and rare in quality.

The Duke said that he had heard a young singer spoken of there as having a beautiful voice.

One or two of the visitors said they would like to go to Southwood Church.

The Duke of Rosedene declared half laughingly that there was a feud between himself and the Rector of Southwood and that until it was healed neither himself nor the Duchess would leave St. Barbauld's.

Sir Basil decided that every Sunday while he remained at Dene he would go and hear the beautiful voice that had charmed him so greatly.

"If any one could fall in love with a voice I should think that I have done so," he said to himself.

Some strange instinct that he did not understand at the time kept him silent to Leah concerning both the face and the voice of the fair young singer.

He would have told her that in her he recognized the original of the painting they had admired, but that he remembered so well that she had been hurt by his comparison of her own and the pictured face, and he did not wish to remind her of the circumstance.

"I wonder," thought Sir Basil, later on in the day, "if she stands there every Sunday in that pale blue dress, the light on her golden hair?"

He was sitting by one of the open windows that evening, haunted still by the fair face he had seen, when Leah came suddenly behind him and laid one hand caressingly upon his dark head.

"Basil," she said, "you have been very *distrait* today. Do you know that you have not spoken ten words to me? I have been patient to bear it so long, but now you must make amends for it."

Even as he looked up into her face the other fairer one seemed to come between them.

"How shall I make amends?" he asked, with a smile.

"You must find that out for yourself," she replied.

He drew her to the seat by his side and whispered some tender words to her. She loved him so entirely that very little satisfied her.

One more exacting might have thought that he was not a very demonstrative lover, but Leah was too much blinded by her own passion to note any defect in him.

That hour spent with him at the open window in the autumn gloaming was one of the happiest she ever knew.

That same night, while her maid stood brushing out the long dark rippling waves of hair, Leah, with a happy smile, was looking at her own face in the glass.

She said to herself—and the words came home to her afterwards—"If I never have any more happiness while I live, I have had enough for a lifetime."

She loved him so well.

The week that passed before Sunday came again was a long one to Sir Basil.

He had not the least intention of ever being, even in thought, untrue to Leah.

If he had dreamed that there was any danger in seeing the beautiful singer again he would have avoided her.

He was engaged to marry Leah Hatton—how could he know that he was in danger?

In Italy he had loved to listen to such voices; here in England he never missed good music when he had a chance of hearing it.

What harm could there be in going to Southwood Church to hear a grand old anthem beautifully sung?

He did not speak to Leah about it.

He had one definite motive for silence, and he had twenty reasons that were not quite definite.

Sunday came—a beautiful day, bright, warm, full of fragrance, the sky serenely blue, the green earth all smiling and fair.

Sir Basil was more silent than usual at the breakfast-table, and the girl who loved him, looking at his thoughtful face, wondered if he were thinking of her or of the future before them.

On that bright Sunday morning no warning came to Sir Basil that he had better not see the young singer again.

He went.

She sang more sweetly than ever, and looked to his enchanted eyes fairer than before.

With her dress of pale blue, her fair flower-like face and golden hair, she reminded him of the beautiful figures he had seen in the churches in Italy.

He must find out who she was; he would much like to know what name went with that face.

He would like to speak to her; it would be pleasant to know if her voice sounded as sweet in speaking as in singing.

This time, when the people went out of church, he contrived to be amongst the first, and then he saw the blue dress trailing over the grass; and he noticed that every movement and action of the girl was as full of grace as her singing was full of music.

The sun was shining on the tall elm-trees and the green graves where the dead slept so well, on the old Norman church, on the groups of worshippers; and something stole into his heart that had never been there before—a new delicious life.

It thrilled in his veins and beat at his heart—a keen pleasure so great as to be almost pain.

He thought that the tranquility of the day had touched him; he thought the beautiful music had affected him.

Something had with sudden sweet swiftness changed the fair face of nature for him.

He watched the girl who had sung of the "bright seraphim."

She had stopped first of all to speak to a group of fair-haired children; then he saw that the old men and women all tried to have a few words with her; after that she disappeared, and he could not see in what direction she had gone.

He found the old sexton.

Sir Basil discovered in a moment the way to his heart; it was suggested by the almost pathetic manner in which the man said it was a dry day.

He was so completely overwhelmed when Sir Basil dropped something into his hand with which to make the day more comfortable that he would have answered any number of questions.

"Who was the lady that sang?"

She was Miss Ray—Miss Hettie Ray, daughter of the old man who lived at Rosewalk.

Where was Rosewalk.

"It is a cottage on the slope of the hill round there by Southwood"—a vague direction, but Sir Basil remembered every word of it.

Who was the old man?

Ah, that the sexton did not know! All that he could tell was that he had heard that he was a bit of a writer in the political line, that he was poor, and that his daughter worked very hard.

He knew little of him, because he kept away from every one and shut himself up in his little cottage.

"Rather a curious history," thought the young Baronet. "Such a father and such a daughter! He cannot possibly be a political writer of any note, or I should have heard some one speak of him. Before long I will see for myself what Rosewalk is like."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Two sisters were engaged to be simultaneously married at Lafayette, Ind. Their affianced husbands came to town on the morning of the day set for the double wedding, and called at the house. The mother went to awaken the girls, and found the room empty, their wardrobes gone, and a letter saying that they had run to avoid matrimony. Two weeks later they were found in St. Louis, sick from continual drunkenness, and one bruised by a fight with a boon companion. Their exploit is singular, as they had been gently reared, and the bridegrooms from whom they fled were of their own choosing.

It is not possible to be regarded with tenderness but by few. The merit which gives greatness and renown diffuses its influences to a wide compass, but acts weakly on every single breast; it is placed at a distance from common spectators, and shines like one of the remote stars, of which the light reaches us, but not the heat.

MEMORY.

BY J. P. H.

A little village far away;
A cottage near a hill;
A verdant dene through which there flows
An ever-murmuring rill.

A gentle maiden by my side,
Reflected in the stream,
Made lovely by her loveliness—
"A dream within a dream."

A little church behind the trees;
A grave beside the wall;
A stone; a few forget-me-nots;
I loved her—that is all.

BARBARA GRAHAM

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.—[CONTINUED.]

BARBARA rose on the following morning and dressed herself in the plain, sober attire which she wore on first meeting with Pauline, before that capricious beauty's will had chosen that she should wear more becoming and tasteful dress as her constant and chosen companion.

The dark hair was braided smoothly over her brow, and the thick veil, which was closely tied under her chin, completed the transformation from the striking, intellectual-looking companion of Pauline Forbes into the type of that large class of women who earn their bread by their daily toil.

We can soon recognize that daily worker, whether by the labor of the hands or the fruit of the brain, as she walks along the crowded streets; the modest attire, the hurried step, the pale, care-worn expression, the unconscious air of self-reliance, and yet shy, proud shrinking from the rude contact with coarser spirits.

Hundreds of the humble daughters of toil pass daily along the thronged streets, fit emblem of their path of life, whose constant ordeal of patient suffering and labor makes truer heroines than many of those whose names are recorded in the pages of ancient story.

And Barbara looked and felt all the novelty of her position as she entered the waiting-room of the fashionable official to whom she was to be introduced.

It was early, according to Mrs. Sewell's arrangements, yet the dignified head of the establishment either was, or thought it correct to appear already engaged, and Barbara and her companion had to wait at least half-an-hour before they were admitted to the room where she sat in state.

Mrs., or, as she called herself, Madame Wagner, was a portly woman of an uncertain age, from forty-five to fifty-five, her hair turned back from her face, and her dress an extraordinary mixture of age and youth, foreign and English costume.

The jaunty jacket, the grave brown skirt the heavy jewelery in the shape of brooches, watch, chain, and, ear-rings, and the wonderful head-dress which supplied the failing hair, constituted a tout ensemble that was perfectly in accordance with the full-blown figure and face of the wearer.

Barbara's slight form and pale, intellectual face looked yet more girlish and delicate by the contrast, as she stood before the showy lady of the Governesses' Institution.

Madame Wagner motioned her to a chair near the table at which she herself was seated, and on which a large folio volume was opened immediately before her.

"You want a situation, I suppose?" she began.

"I do, madame," replied Barbara.

"The fee is two dollars," continued the lady; "I always mention that to prevent any loss of time and trouble.

"When that is arranged we can proceed to business."

Barbara's slender purse was at once produced, and the store sadly reduced by the extraction of the golden coin.

Madame transferred it to her own purse, and then taking up a pen, began with interrogations as to her qualifications, and whether she had ever been out before; but when she asked Barbara for a reference, she, poor girl, was at fault.

"I—I can scarcely tell," she murmured. "I have never had a situation of the kind, and——"

She stopped—a sudden brilliant idea flashed across her.

"If it would be of any use," she said, "Mr. Scofield, my old master, and an organist, would, I feel sure, speak as to any musical abilities; he knew me well for some years."

"But were you at school?" asked madame, suspiciously.

Barbara flushed, but her look was steady and unflinching.

"I was in the Orphan Asylum, madame," she replied.

"The matron would no doubt answer any inquiries respecting me."

Madame's brow contracted, and her eyebrows were raised in supercilious wonder.

"Really, young woman, I am not sure that I can do much, if anything, for you, under such circumstances," she said.

"My connection is of a highly respectable indeed, an aristocratic class, who would probably object to such antecedents as yours.

"However, I will see if there is any chance for you as an under teacher or nursery governess, or some inferior situation of that sort, which, perhaps, I might manage to obtain for you should your former mistress give a satisfactory account of you."

Barbara bowed, with the quiet, haughty bow of a superior, rather than the humble air of her proper position, in madame's ideas; but it was rather from the despairing sadness that had settled on the poor girl's heart, than from any over-estimate of herself; that the proud calmness was derived. Barbara would have broken down at the slightest word of kindness or sympathy; but the supercilious contempt, the injustice to her conscious poverty of the stately Madame Wagner, roused her proud spirit, and she would have risked poverty, and starvation even, rather than have sued for assistance from the underbred, vulgar consequence, of the woman with whom she had to deal.

"When shall I call again, madame?" she said coldly, as she rose to leave the room.

"Why, let me see, well, in a week, perhaps," was the reply.

"I have your address, and can write if anything offers in the meantime.

"But I do not see much chance for you among such a connection as mine.

"Good morning."

Madame's head was once more bent over the ponderous folio, without even vouchsafing a glance at the pale face of the girl thus hopelessly dismissed.

Mrs. Sewell had remained in the background during the interview, but no sooner had they left the formidable presence of madame, than her indignation burst forth.

"She's not a bit better than I am, Miss Graham, I can tell by her very look, nor so good.

"She does not know a lady when she sees one; but I do, and so does Susan; though, of course, she has not had my experience; and, if I were you, miss, I'd never see her again to be insulted like that."

The good woman's outburst had the not unfrequent effect of both soothing Barbara's irritation and showing her the folly of such useless rebellion against inevitable mortifications.

"It matters very little, my good Mrs. Sewell," said Barbara, "if she can find me a situation, and I have not so much money as to throw away two dollars on that pompous dame."

"Well, there's something in that," observed the good woman.

"One hates to be imposed on, Miss Graham; but, take my advice, my dear young lady, and don't take anything she offers you.

"Susan says you're a very clever young lady, and I don't see why you should not stand on your rights; and as to money, why you're welcome to stay with us as long as you like, and you can pay me when you are in full funds, as my husband calls it."

Mrs. Sewell's blunt kindness brought the tears to the eyes which had looked so unflinchingly and proudly on the pompous Madame Wagner.

"You are very kind—too kind," said Barbara; "but I could not rest in idleness—I should be wretched; I could not bear it, especially now."

The last words were almost inaudible, as they would have been unintelligible to the worthy woman; but the little hand which she had drawn protectingly under her arm trembled so visibly, that she had the judgment and kindness to give up any further argument at that moment.

CHAPTER XXI.

DAYS had elapsed since Barbara's visit to Madame Wagner—days of weary monotony and unbroken suspense; if indeed it could be called suspense when there was so little to fear or to hope from the result of each day's chances.

Even Susan did not appear, to relieve the tedium of the orphan's life by the very doubtful variety of the painful associations which was all the girl could anticipate from her.

Such active pangs would be some relief from that dull despair, the utter forgetfulness which seemed to be the poor girl's portion; and every evening she watched and listened, and turned sick at heart away from the heedless contemplation of the busy throng as night closed in, when her kind landlady brought up the bed-candle and frugal supper which finished the fruitless, weary day, and dismissed the lone watcher to her bed, for another watchful, tedious night.

The sixth evening had arrived, and Barbara could have scarcely realized the pleasure which the anticipation of a mere visit to the odious Madame Wagner might occasion; yet even that doubtful ordeal seemed better to her sick heart than the unbroken monotony of the past long, weary week.

It was a faint gleam of light in the deep twilight, and Barbara sat as usual by her window, "looking forth on the throng in the street," when a well-known dress and shawl attracted her attention, and, to her exceeding delight, she recognized the familiar face of Susan upturned to the window where she sat.

The girl could not have imagined the relief, the joy, which such a trifling event could cause, or that the sound of the familiar voice, the sight of the plain, kindly features, could have made her heart beat as if a lover were near.

She knew not yet that to those who hunger for happiness, as for bread, the crumbs from the rich man's table are received with joy and thankfulness.

She flew to the door as Susan's step was heard mounting the stairs with middle-aged soberness, and ere the good woman had well set her foot in the room, she was in her arms, with tears on her cheeks, and a broken, "Oh, Susan, I thought you were never coming!" sobbing almost inarticulately from her lips.

"My dear child! my poor young lady!" said Susan, "I could not help it. But what's the matter, dear? Has not my aunt been kind to you, or what has happened?"

"Nothing, nothing," replied Barbara, wiping her eyes, and half-smiling through the still falling tears; "and I believe that is what makes me so foolish. I have been wearying for something to happen, something to do. Even some new trouble would have been better than the blank I have had for the last week."

"Youth, youth," said Susan, kindly; "you will be glad of rest some day, my dear child. But come, sit down, and tell me all about it. Did they not tell you anything at the office?"

"No, not yet; I am to go to-morrow," she replied. "But, Susan, there is something you do not want to tell me, I can see. You need not fear, Susan; I can bear anything now."

The woman shook her head, but the smile with which she tried to reassure the girl was forced and gloomy.

"I'm sorry to leave you, that's all, Miss Barbara," she said; "but there's no help for it, I'm afraid; and that's why I've been so long coming. It was all in such a hurry, there's been not a minute to spare; and we shall be off to-morrow, I believe."

"Off! where?" said Barbara. "Please tell me quick, good, dear Susan; I'm very foolish; but I can't help it."

"It's I who am foolish, Miss Barbara," she replied; "but though I'm getting on in life, I've been young myself, and I know what you feel, and I don't like to see young people crossed when there's only money and pride in the way; there's nothing but misery comes of it, that's certain. But there, I'm only making you worse, like a foolish woman that I am, and you'll have plenty of courage, I'll be bound, when it's tried."

Having thus, in her well-meaning kindness wound up the poor girl's nerves to the utmost, Susan began her tale.

"Well, then," said she, "we are going to Scotland in the morning and I don't know when we shall be back again. You see, my master has got a sort of shooting-place in the Highlands near Sir Ernest's estate; indeed, I almost think it is on the property; and so, you see, my mistress and Miss Pauline have taken a sudden fancy to go there; and Sir Ernest couldn't do less than ask them to stay at his house, when he knows the 'box,' as it is called, is small and inconvenient for ladies. And I'll be bound that is the real truth, whatever my mistress may say."

"But, Susan, that is not all," said Barbara, looking steadily at the honest, tell-tale face. "You would not be so afraid to tell me that, though I am very sorry you are going, when I want a friend so much. What else is there, Susan?"

"Well, it may be true, or it may not," replied Susan, reluctantly; "but they do say that Sir Ernest has at last offered to Miss Pauline, and that they are to be married as soon as they come back to London in the autumn. But I doubt it, Miss Barbara, indeed I do."

"I am very glad I am not there!" exclaimed Barbara, haughtily; "I should have been sadly in the way, and I did not choose to be an object of pity to Sir Ernest, though he meant it kindly, I dare say."

"Why, Miss Barbara, what has come to you?" said Susan, looking up in astonishment. "I am sure you brightened up like a flower in sunshine when you thought he had sent you the dress, and looked so happy when you were dancing with him, and he kept looking at Miss Pauline to see whether she was not pleased that he took so much pains to bring you forward. It was different with you then, I am sure. But I don't wonder; you've had enough to vex you, and make you cross with all the world, my dear, poor young lady," she added, drawing Barbara kindly towards her as if she were her foster-child.

Barbara's heart was struggling painfully between the kindly generous feelings of her nature, and the angry, proud bitterness that Susan had unconsciously excited; but she could not resist the honest kindness of her only remaining, though humble friend, and the caress of the worthy woman was warmly returned.

"Dear Susan," she said, "you must not take any notice of my waywardness just now; it is simply because I have had nothing to do but brood over my foolish fancies that I have begun to quarrel with everyone—even you, my kind friend. But will you do me one favor?"

"Anything you can ask me, my dear young lady," she replied.

"Then promise me that, if Sir Ernest or Miss Pauline ever say anything about me, ever ask any questions, which I dare say they are too happy ever to do, will you tell them I am quite content, quite comfortable, and you feel sure I would not wish to return, or to see them again, even if they wished it? Promise me that, dear Susan."

"I cannot say what is not true even for you, Miss Barbara."

"But it is true, Susan. I would not for worlds go back, nor see them. I could not endure it, and I should like them to know it. I don't want them to think I'm fretting, as you said just now."

Barbara smiled such a bitter, melancholy, proud smile that it went to Susan's heart.

"But I told Sir Ernest I did not know where you were," said Susan; "and it was true, because I could not tell whether you had left my aunt or not; and so I could not do what you ask without his thinking I had told a falsehood."

"But you can say that you have heard from me, Susan, and please let Sir Ernest know I did not bring the dress with me. I have a reason for it, a very strong reason for wishing it."

Susan privately resolved to keep one portion of the message to herself, simply for the reason that she had taken care it was not a true one, for she had secured the dress and its belongings, and committed it safely to her aunt's care for the present. However, she gave the required promise, in case it were practicable to perform it, and then prepared to take her leave.

"And you will write and tell me how you get on, Miss Barbara," she said. "I've put the address in this letter, and you must not open it till you want to write to me, in case you might lose it."

Barbara took the envelope with unsuspecting readiness, and gave the required assurance with irrepressible tears in her eyes.

"Dear Susan," she said, "how can I thank you for all your goodness? I can never, never repay it!"

"Oh, you'll be a great lady some day, yet," said Susan, "and I'll be your maid when that happens; but I wish you had been Lady Forbes, as I once thought you would be; but—dear me, I forgot myself, I am afraid, for I am but a servant, after all."

Perhaps it was the sudden flush in the girl's cheeks and blaze in the eyes that made the good woman check her kindly volubility; but the next instant the violent ringing of the door-bell startled them from either day-dreams or their disappointment, and Susan prepared to take her final leave, as Mrs. Sewell entered the room.

"It's a letter for you, miss," she said, holding out a thin, blue-looking epistle to Barbara; "and Susan, lass, you must go, for Burton's come for you, and says your lady is not very well, and has asked twice for you as cross as may be; and he thinks you'd better get a cab, and be off at once; may be it's only an excuse for a bit of sweethearting—eh, lass?"

Susan hastily embraced the tearful Barbara—who seemed for the first time to realize her own desolate position, now that her last link with the Forbes, her sole true friend, was about to leave her—and ran down stairs with the speed of the "lass," which she still appeared to be in the eyes of her aunt.

She guessed full well the extent of her lady's "crossness" under such circumstances, and the cab advised by Burton was ordered to Kensington Palace Gardens without the loss of a moment.

In the hurry of the emergency Susan did not remark that a man, who had been lurking near the house, under the shadow of a gas-lamp, bent forward to hear the direction given to the cabman, and then walked off, apparently well satisfied with his success.

It was the messenger who had brought the letter for Barbara Graham a few minutes before; and that letter the girl at last opened, after some minutes of unrestrained grief on her humble friend's departure.

It was written in a bold, masculine hand, and contained but a few brief lines, and was signed "A Friend to the Oppressed and an Enemy to the Oppressor.

"If Miss Graham, or rather the young lady who has for some years borne that name, will furnish in writing all the particulars she can remember of her early life, and the place and persons connected with that period, it may facilitate the exertions of those friends who are endeavoring to restore her to her position, and possibly accomplish the dearest wish, the full happiness of her future life. The answer will be sent for in two days from this time, but any attempt to discover the writer of this would not only be useless, but entirely defeat its object."

Barbara read and re-read this strange epistle with an interest that her youth and romantic temper, and the cold dreary solitude in which she was left, deepened into a painful intensity.

Every word, every letter of the few but pregnant lines was examined with a keen, critical attention, that strove in vain to detect some clue, some guide for her decision as to the writer, and her response to his demand.

She was too unversed in the world's ways to judge with coolness or impartiality of the real credit to be attached to the letter; but still her natural acuteness told her that where there is mystery there is seldom safety or good faith.

But then her own life and story had been a mystery.

Her early associations, her scattered recollections of persons and habits and places, combined to assure her that she and Lillian had been born of gentle blood, natured in tenderness, and as the children of the millionaire never reared.

And then what danger, what disadvantage, could accrue from her compliance with the request?

There was nothing to lose, and nothing to tempt any evil designs, in her dreary, destitute position.

It might be a vain, fruitless trouble—a deceptive gleam of hope; but still, it could work no evil, and at least it would be some resource, some employment, some object in the monotony of her dreary days.

Barbara hesitated no longer; she snatched up a pen and began to write, and as she did so, old thoughts, old scenes, old words and looks, and faces, rushed back on her mind, and her pen traced line after line and page after page with descriptions that she herself had scarcely been conscious were in her memory.

And when her task was done, and she perused the sheets thus rapidly written, an idea once cherished in old times, and relinquished in more recent days occurred to her.

Why should she not write, as others had done, the frequent thoughts and musings of her teeming brain, and earned bread, and perhaps fame, by the talents which she felt, rather than deliberately acknowledged to herself, were within her?

Strange to say, that idea occupied the young girl's mind with more exciting, engrossing power than the shadowy hopes held out to her by that anonymous and mysterious letter.

A wakeful and feverish night at last came to an end for the young aspirant, and the realities of her hard life were once more forced on her by the entrance of her landlady, in full equipment for their walk to Madame Wagner's.

Barbara started from the deep, absent fit of thought in which her recently-formed plans had plunged her, and hastily prepared for her appointment; but so strangely susceptible was her finely-constituted nature of any fresh impetus, any engrossing excitement, that even Mrs. Sewell was surprised at the change in the countenance of her charge.

Barbara's eyes were lighted up with new hopes, new aspirations; her pale cheeks had a faint bloom, that gave a rich, creamlike hue to the skin; and her lips were slightly parted, so as to display her teeth, which gave a charm to a somewhat large, though well-shaped mouth.

"Well, she's pretty enough to want me with her, anyhow," thought the good woman; "and I only hope she won't get the color taken from her cheek by that consequential old woman; and yet I don't want to part with her, poor dear, for a toiling, heartbreaking situation."

Barbara said little as they walked to the office; her mind was too full of past and future to be fully alive to the present; and Mrs. Sewell, attributing her silence to anxiety for the result of their visit, attempted to cheer her supposed depression by good-natured prophecies of the success which must surely await her.

But Barbara's thought's were of a different career, a more fascinating, yet laborious employment, than any that Madame Wagner could offer; and yet the hopes, the anticipations of success and fame, were those of a true woman's nature, for they were all connected with him to whom her girlish heart was given; and the goal of her ambition was to prove herself worthy of him whom yet she could never hope or dream to win.

The admission to the presence-chamber of the formidable Madame Wagner was more quickly accomplished than on the former occasion; and the inclination of the head with which she received them was perhaps a little more gracious as she looked at the really striking face of her applicant.

"Sit down," she said.

"I believe I have something that may serve as a beginning for you, and keep you from any present distress.

"I think you said you were an orphan, and had no friends, and of course immediate employment is necessary for you?"

Barbar's color deepened at the cold, hard tone in which these truths were spoken; still, they were truths, and she bowed assent as the lady passed.

"I have received a reply from the person to whom you referred as to your musical abilities, and I am therefore encouraged to recommend you to the employment in question—it is to go for a few hours every day to the house of a lady whose education has been somewhat neglected, and assist her in her practice, and also to be at her disposal should she require you to play for her guests, should it be necessary; and for this she offers you five dollars a week, which is a good salary for a beginner."

An ejaculation of contempt and indignation rose to Mrs. Sewell's lips as she heard the amount of the proposed stipend for duties that might evidently extend over night as well as day, but Barbara pressed her foot in token of caution.

"I am perfectly aware, madame, of the inadequacy of the salary for the duties that will probably be required of me," replied Barbara, quickly; "but I am willing to accept the situation for the present, under the peculiar circumstances which alone could make it acceptable."

The tone was so firm, though respectful, that even Madame Wagner colored slightly at the reproof.

It was plain that the young and inexperienced girl was yet perfectly aware of the talents she possessed, and the imposition that was practiced on her helplessness.

"Perhaps you had better let me hear you play and sing something before I finally recommend you to the lady," said Madame Wagner, quickly recovering herself.

"I should be sorry to lose her confidence by any want of proper care."

Barbara took off her gloves, and walked to a small piano in a distant part of the room to which she was motioned by the lofty dame, and began to play.

First, she dashed off a brilliant and difficult waltz; then she changed it to a movement of Beethoven's, and finally commenced an air from "Norma."

Madame Wagner listened with ill-concealed surprise at the brilliant execution and magnificent voice of her despised protege, and even vouchsafed a "Very tolerable, indeed!" on the completion of the performance.

"I believe you will suit the lady," she said, "and I know she has sufficient confidence in me to trust my recommendation. You may therefore consider yourself engaged from Monday next, and I will give you the lady's address."

She hastily wrote a name and address on a blank card, and handing it to Barbara, gave a lofty bend of the head in token of dismissal.

Barbara looked at the card, as she left the room, in vague alarm lest it might be the name of some friend of Mrs. Forbes; but, to her relief, it was that of a stranger to her.

The address of the card was—Mrs. Theodore Vere, Eccleston Square, South Belgravia; and, so far as Barbara knew, Mrs. Forbes had never visited the lady; nor, what was more conclusive, had Pauline talked of her among the guests whom she generally discussed with girlish flippancy after every party at which she was present.

The relief was so great that Barbara could reply playfully to the indignant comments of her companion.

"My dear, it's not my place to speak," said Mrs. Sewell, "and I've no business to find any fault with what you choose to do, but I must say it's very foolish of you to take the situation when you can play and sing like a lady at the concerts my husband takes me to sometimes. Why, it's not a lady's-maid's wages, and no board nor lodging. It's infamous!"

"But, my dear Mrs. Sewell, I have no lady's-maid's character nor abilities," replied Barbara, really laughing a genuine, cheerful laugh; "and then I shall have board and lodging with you, which will be a great deal pleasanter; and I won't get into debt, even on my splendid salary, I promise you."

"Why, my dear child, I'd trust you if you paid nothing at all," said Mrs. Sewell; "indeed, I'll make it as easy as I can for you; but we've——"

"You do all, and more than all you ought to do for me" interrupted Barbara, warmly; "and I mean to be as happy as I can be."

The last words were uttered in a half-audible tone that Mrs. Sewell did not catch, and she flattered her kindly heart by the idea that, with the buoyant hopes of youth, Barbara was actually cheered by the novelty of the prospect before her.

And perhaps she was right, albeit it was not that brilliant two hundred and fifty a year, nor the privilege of passing every day at a great house as humble attendant and pianist to a half-educated woman, that raised the spirits of the orphan.

There were other and more dazzling and exalted day-dreams that brightened her eye and cheered her sick, weary heart.

Full many a noble work of thought, or vivid picture of life's struggles, and of the heart's combats and wounds, is the fruit of bitter sorrow; and the nightingale, singing with its breast against a thorn, or the dying swan, are no bad emblem of many an author, many a poet, who has enchanted the world with song and story.

CHAPTER XXII.

IT was a lovely Scottish valley, with crystal stream dancing and leaping over heaps of clear stones, and heather-covered hills in the distance, and wild flowers, and moss, and fern, and blue-bells, and all the wealth of beauty that Nature had scattered so lavishly over those Highland glens.

And in the midst of that wild loveliness, seated on a heap of moss-covered stones, gazing at the clear stream, and the bright green braes and distant hills of purple heather, were two young and beautiful, and glad as the scenes around them.

Pauline Forbes had perhaps never looked more beautiful than in that simple dress of white, with the wide tartan sash around her slender waist, and her hat with the heron plume, and tartan ribbon to match her cincture, her cheeks brilliant with soft bloom, and her eyes sparkling like dew on the blue bells around them.

Her ruby lips were parted with the smiles that seemed to play round her mouth, from the gaiety of the heart within, and as Ernest looked affectionately on her, he could not but confess that she was indeed the very impersonation of hope, and life, and joy; did he add, of love?

Perhaps he could scarcely have told himself, at that trying moment, when all seemed to combine to tempt him to worship that beautiful and youthful being who was at his side and apparently all his own.

There had been silence for a few minutes, and Ernest's look had perhaps been unconsciously thoughtful and grave, more so than could have been well accounted for by the bright and joyous scene around, or the inspiring presence of his fair and brilliant cousin.

Pauline's face had gradually changed from its gay, girlish expression to an arch and then half-defiant look, till her patience seemed wellnigh exhausted, and she turned sharply round with an impatient toss of the hat she held in her hand.

"Ernest," she said, "you are very stupid to-day."

"Very probably," he replied.

"Then at once rouse yourself," said Pauline. "I hate stupid people."

"Am I to take that as my *congé*?" he inquired.

"Scarcely," was the reply. "I have no taste for being left alone in these wild regions. I suppose you can act as an escort or a guard at any rate?"

"Of course," said he, "I ought to be proud of being anything to my fair cousin, since I cannot aspire to be everything."

These words were so ambiguous in their tone as well as meaning, that even Pauline's vanity could scarcely determine how far they were seriously said.

"So much depends on a person's own good intentions, that I can give but little indulgence to failure. I am so amiably ready to take the will for the deed in most cases, especially when there is no alternative," she replied in a half cross, half coquettish tone. And her mouth was wreathed in so bewitching a smile, that it took all poignancy from the questionable words.

"You mean that I am bearable," said Ernest.

"I mean that my cousin, in his least fascinating moods, is perhaps more bearable to his indulgent relatives than most other persons," she said in a lower tone than was her wont.

"Will you not say, 'more bearable than any other person?'" he murmured, taking the disengaged hand in his.

It was a moment of triumph to the youthful beauty, which she had not anticipated so soon—the first real word of serious meaning that had ever been addressed to her, and those words from the man whom she and her parents had most ardently desired to win.

It was an intoxicating moment of triumph which few at her girlish age would have used with moderation or prudence.

"You would be too sadly flattered if I did," she said, "or consider me intolerably vain to think it signified to you what I thought you."

Pauline looked soft and winning, yet so arch in her young beauty, that Ernest could only reply, as almost any other man in his position would have done, by the murmured, grateful assurances that her opinion, her feelings, were of more value to him than all the world besides, and that, if he could be sure of her love, he would crave nothing more.

And how did she reply to that sudden, yet long-expected assurance of her power?

Not by the shy, fluttered, unintelligible assent, nor yet the gentle negative that should have belonged to her age and sex, but by the half-playful, half-entangling coquetry of one, years older in experience of the heart.

"Ernest, I am too giddy, too thoughtless for your grave self," she said archly. "I should turn your brain, or you would look me up, as my nurse used to do when I was a child, or else put me in absolute despair with some abstruse problem or terrible philosophical argument; and then you would be angry with me, and wish you had never fancied you cared for me. It is not so, Ernest, cousin?"

"Say dear, Lina darling, and I shall be content," he replied, kissing the little hand he held.

"You cannot fear your old playfellow and champion, your nearest relative, your first and truest lover.

"Say, dearest, that you could trust yourself to me?"

Pauline did not reply this time.

There was something in the calm, earnest tone that told her Ernest was not so entirely in her toils as to bear any trifling with; she knew him to be proud also, and that there was scarcely a woman in the world from whom he would have asked or accepted unwilling love.

Her answer was delayed for a few moments, but it came distinct and low at last—"Can you doubt it, Ernest?" she asked.

"Then I may speak, may I not, to your parents?" said Ernest.

Pauline trembled.

It seemed so terribly real, so irrevocable, to talk of that inevitable ending to this crisis which she had yet desired and herself brought about.

She was so young and beautiful to be thus early tied to a lover whom in real truth she rather feared than loved.

Nor was she certain either that Ernest's heart was really hers so entirely as to secure her power over him; while the thought of submission to his firm, calm, determined spirit, and companionship with one whose tastes were so different from her own, was intolerable, without such delicious womanly tyranny overcoming the proud spirit she had caught, not captured.

"Dear Ernest," she said, "surely that is not necessary?

"You know how they love you; you need not doubt their consent.

"Let us wait a little while.

"I hate such formidable, prosy realities.

"It is enough that we understand each other.

Give me a little time to comprehend the novel idea that you do something besides scold poor Pauline." "Have I been so harsh?" he asked.

"Only sometimes," she replied.

"When?" he asked.

"Can you remember?" she said, half sadly.

"I would not wish to run over old grievances, and I believe it was not your fault.

"You were deceived, Ernest."

"Lina," said he, "do you refer to that poor girl whom——"

"Hush, dear Ernest, do not speak of her," said Pauline, hurriedly.

"She was so unworthy, and yet I was so really fond of her, that it pains me when I think of it; and that even you, Ernest, nearly quarreled with me for her sake."

"Not for her sake, Lina," he replied.

"Only I could not bear that you should behave unjustly or unkindly to a desolate orphan."

"And you condemned your little cousin: you believed I could be unjust and unkind," she said, poutingly, while her blue eyes glistened tearfully.

"My dearest Lina, it was not so," he replied; "but you were so young, so happy, so petted, that I thought you could hardly realize a situation so desolate. But we will not now speak of that; only tell me truly, as you yourself have alluded to it, was her departure from your house a voluntary one?—and has she never told you where she found a home? It was so strange, so sudden, and so singularly timid."

Pauline flushed angrily for a moment; then her mood seemed to change, or else her self-control came to her aid.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MEN who are unequal to the labor of discussing an argument, or wish to avoid it, are willing enough to suppose that much has been proved because much has been said.

Scientific and Useful.

POINTS.—Certain physicians say that crying should not be repressed in children, as the consequences may be Saint Vitus' dance or epileptic fits. Phosphor bronze has an electric conductivity two and a half times that of iron or steel and one-third that of copper.

CIRCULAR SAWS.—The smallest circular saw in practical use is a disk about the size of a five-cent piece, being employed for cutting slits in gold pens. They are about as thick as ordinary paper, and make 400 revolutions per minute, this high speed keeping them rigid, notwithstanding their extreme thinness.

PNEUMONIA.—A Newport physician reports the successful treatment of an acute case of pneumonia by the inhalation of sulphuric ether. He says that "if seen early during the first stage, by inhaling ether for thirty minutes, every six hours, many severe and prostrated cases of sickness would be arrested." Dr. Francis recommended inhalation of sulphuric ether for bronchitis in 1808.

FORESTS.—Professor Whitney does not lay any weight on the removal of forests as a cause for the dryness and desolation of former fertile and populous regions of the earth. He admits that the greater proportion of land to water in late geological eras may have a little to do with the decreased rain-fall; but he attributes the diminished precipitation mainly to a lowering of the intensity of solar radiation during geological time.

SEA BATHING.—Sea bathing has proved of great benefit in many cases of disease of the eye. The improvement appears to be due to the two causes: 1. The influence which such a course has upon the general health by curing anæmia and elevating the tone of the system, since sea bathing is in the highest degree a restorative. 2. Sea-water, and occasionally also the atmosphere of the sea, has a local irritant action which should be watched, since it is most serviceable when there is a chronic, torpid and indolent inflammation, while it is exceedingly dangerous when the inflammation is of an acute kind.

TRACINGS ON GLASS.—The following method of tracing on glass for lanterns is said to be satisfactory: A piece of finely ground glass is rubbed over with a trace of glycerine, in order to make it as transparent as possible. It is now easy to write or draw on the prepared surface with a hard and finely pointed black lead pencil, and the glass is so transparent that the finest details of any engraving over which it may be placed can be seen quite distinctly. The drawing having been finished, the plate is washed with water, in order to remove the glycerine, and dried. A thin coat of Canada balsam or of negative varnish now serves to render the slide permanently transparent and ready for the lantern.

Farm and Garden.

THE BURDOCK.—The burdock is a biennial and seeds freely the seeds retaining their vitality for several years. If not allowed to perfect its seeds it may be readily exterminated by cutting off with a hoe just below the surface of the ground, and covering the stub with salt. The moisture which the salt attracts causes the root to rot. If not salted the root will send up shoots though cut low in the ground.

WEEDS.—Just at this season, when cultivation is mostly over, and the main crops harvested or laid by, we are most in danger of allowing our old enemies, the weeds, to go to seed. Their name is legion of almost every variety that infests Connecticut soil, and some that we never met elsewhere. Pig-weed, milk-weed, dock and burdock, dandelion, fennel, mustard, quack-grass, plantain, purslain, jack-in-the-pulpit, mallows, and divers other sorts have sprung up in their season, and disputed possession with the crops planted. There is only one excellence about them, they insure frequent cultivation of all crops, if you would have any harvest. The labor of subduing one years seeding of the pests is immense. In the garden especially, no weed should ever be allowed to go to seed. When one crop is off, put in another, and when the last is gathered plow, or rake, or harrow, and let the frost have free play at the soil.

PUTTING AWAY TOOLS.—The wearing out of farm implements is, as a rule, due more to neglect than to use. If tools can be well taken care of, it will pay to buy those made of the best steel, and finished in the best manner; but in common hands, and with common care, such are of little advantage. Iron and steel parts should be cleaned with dry sand and a cob, or scraped with a piece of soft iron, washed and oiled if necessary, and in a day or two cleaned off with the corn-cob and dry sand. Finally paint the iron part with rosin and beeswax, in the proportion of 4 of rosin, to 1 of wax, melted together and applied hot. This is good for the iron or steel parts of every sort of tool. Wood work should be painted with good, boiled linseed oil, white lead and turpentine, colored to any desired tint; red is probably the best color. Keep the cattle away until the paint is dry and hard, or they will lick, with death as the result. If it is not desired to use paint on hand tools, the boiled oil with turpentine and "liquid drier," does just as well. Many prefer to saturate the wood-work of farm implements with crude Petroleum. This cannot be used with color, but is applied by itself so long as any is absorbed by the pores of the wood.

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SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT 9, 1882.

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ABOUT TALK.

It is a maxim well understood, but seldom expressed in words, that if you want to find out anything, you must ask somebody who knows. It is equally true that no one is more ready to talk upon a given subject than one who has made the subject his study. The fact that he possesses sufficient enthusiasm for a pursuit to follow it earnestly, is proof that he is ready to tell about it. He can tell, with more interest than anyone can feel who listens to him, all that a questioner desires to know; and it must be remembered that it is the first and most desirable aim of a conversation mutually to impart and to gain knowledge and information.

Almost everyone who studies any subject feels that the treatises he reads lack a few particulars that he would give a long day of study to gain. Should he retain these matters in his mind, and ask the next man he meets who is well informed of his own observation upon this wanting particular, he can gain what he desires with very little trouble.

It is true that the rules of etiquette forbid that a man in the rooms of a host of an evening should be questioned upon matters concerning his everyday business, and this law, inexorable by reason of its fitness, should seldom, except for good reason, be broken.

A naturalist, however, and an artist, a musician, and a literary man, are shut out from the refuge that a tradesman can find in avoiding tiresome reference to the pursuits of commerce and the affairs of business. While a physician, by the immutable laws of his profession, is forbidden to disclose the secrets of his patients, and a lawyer is in the same way restricted, yet either may be drawn upon for general illustrations of human phenomena without leading upon forbidden paths.

No one is a more genial talker than a professional man. His long and cordial association with the brotherhood of his clique has in the off hours drawn forth many a spicy illustration of the curiosities and the quiet sayings of his own kind. His acquaintance with all shades of life and society furnishes him with many an illustration of the dark as well as the bright side of human nature. So he is the first objective power in a battery of words, and is seldom proof against the most awkward sallies.

There is nothing so well adapted to supplement one's own knowledge of an art or science as a suggestion from an enthusiastic proficient in the same. So soon as someone discovers that you know never so little on a subject, and that you desire to know more, he is ready, provided he does not betray secrets or prejudice his own cause, to tell you all you wish to learn if you modestly say what you think.

We should be sorry if it were to turn out that anything we have here recommended should be construed as a meaning that the poor physician or his best friend in a strait should be bored with impertinent questions, and forced, like the busy bee, to render unwillingly all the good stores he has with so much labor accumulated. All classes of men and women know something. It is a proof of our skill when we draw forth from a sandy soil some rich production of nature; so it is a pleasure both to us and to another to gather from an unpromising soil some precious things which are all the more desirable from their difficulty to be attained, like the magic water of youth in the fable, taken from the dragon's cave by the prowess of some valiant knight.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A YEAR ago the Princess of Wales appeared at an entertainment at Buckingham Palace with simple wild white clover as floral ornaments, and it is needless to say that the clover at once came into fashion. Now it is all the rage in London.

—

A MAN at Wilmot, O., got into a swamp lately, and had sunk up to his chin in the quicksand before assistance arrived. In five minutes more he would have gone under. A platform of rails was quickly constructed about him, and by great effort he was rescued from his perilous position.

—

THE minister preached heterodox sermons in the Lutheran Church at Columbus, Ohio, and the trustees obtained a temporary injunction forbidding him to officiate as pastor until the question involved—that of the right of a church to receive from its minister the kind of doctrines which its creed authorizes—shall be settled in court.

—

THERE are 30,000 women in Massachusetts paying a tax in the State, county, town and city treasury of $3,465,880 in a total of $34,755,927. Fully 80 per cent. of this number are unmarried women. There are three thousand women in Boston who pay taxes on real estate and personal property to the amount of $1,000 and upward. This number does not include large corporations, the ownership of whose stock is unknown, or the large commercial houses, in many of which women are known to be silent partners.

—

THE newest in the swindling line, and one of the likeliest to deceive, is being worked on the farmers in some States. Sharp No. 1 goes to a farmer and makes him an offer for his farm at a high figure, which is usually accepted, and $50 or so deposited to bind the bargain. Then Mr. Sharp's friend comes along and offers $1,000 or more in advance of the first price. Then the farmer goes to No. 1, and by paying a good round sum, say $500, secures a release. The enterprising fellow who wanted the land so badly at the highest figure neglects to come around, and the farmer is about $450 out, which is divided by the sharps.

—

AN apparatus for taking photographs surreptitiously has been patented in England. It resembles a pair of opera-glasses, a matched pair of lenses taking the place of the eye pieces, a plate of ground glass for focusing being substituted for one object glass, and a dry-plate holder for the other. A cylinder made to resemble a muff, and having elastic bands at the wrists to exclude the light, forms the dark chamber. The plate, after exposure, can be slipped into the muff and left for future development. A lady photographer thus equipped could take views wherever there was sufficient light without exciting any suspicion of her real purpose.

—

AN imposter has been traveling about in some of the provinces of Austria and representing himself to be the Crown Prince Rudolph. The farmers were treated by him with great affability, and were assured that when he mounted the throne he would confiscate many of the large estates of the nobility and divide them among the country folk. They readily swallowed this, and competed for the honor of having him as guest. Their tables were spread with the choicest viands, they entertained him at extravagant banquets, and begged him to receive presents from them. Detectives who arrested him found that he had previously been a journeyman saddler in the city of Cracow.

—

THE urchins who live in one section of Detroit indulged in a sarcastic pantomime the other day at the expense of the officials whose business it is to keep that thoroughfare in order. The wooden pavement is, or was, in a miserably rotten condition, and here and there deep pools of water testified to the recent heavy rains. At a point where the state of the street was the worst, a number of boys sat on dry-goods boxes fishing in the pools. They had attached to their lines dead fish, which they pulled out and dropped back into the water in solemn silence, to the great amusement of numerous spectators. On a placard beside them was printed in large letters, "Public fishing-grounds—free to all."

—

GIVEN a genuine taste for reading, a man can seldom be really unhappy. Place at his command good books, and you place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest, and purest characters that have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but that character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average humanity. It is morally impossible but that manner should take a tone of good breeding and civilization from having constantly before one's eyes the way in which the best-bred and the best-informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other.

—

AWAY out in Manitoba the Mennonites are divided into two parties, each of which is waging against the other a war of unrelenting bitterness. The question involved is not one concerning original sin, future damnation, or the everlasting punishment of the wicked. Were it any of these, the contest might be less bitter. It is one of the most petty matters in dress, or rather in dress-trimming. One side is known as the Hook-and-eye party; the other is called the Button party. The old fashion among the Mennonites was for the brethren to fasten their coats with hooks and eyes. The progressive among them have recently introduced the fashion of using buttons and buttonholes, just as the world's people do, but still adhering to the practice of having the garment cut straight in front from the neck down. The Hook-and-eye party denounce the use of buttons as a sinful conformity to the ways of a wicked world, and regard the wearers of buttons as the enemies of pure and undefiled religion. The Buttonites insist that there is no sin in buttons, and that they are far more convenient than hooks and eyes. The Hook-and-eye party can make some show of Scripture for their side of the controversy, for both hooks and eyes are mentioned in the Bible, while buttons are not once spoken of.

—

SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS has increased to so great an extent among the youths at the great government schools in France that a committee was appointed some time ago to inquire into the subject. In their report, which is now published, the committee point out that in their opinion the cause of the prevalence of the infirmity is to be found in the fact that the school books are printed in type which is too finely cut, and further, that the custom of printing upon white paper is still more hurtful. It is recommended, therefore, that the authorities will consider the advisability of substituting thicker characters in the books, and also of printing in white letters upon tinted paper. The Parisian suggests that the evil is much more deeply seated than the committee appear to believe, and that the case would be better met by a careful medical examination of the youths themselves and their instruction in the science of self-knowledge and control.

—

IN answer to several inquiries as to the value of rowing, riding, walking, tricycling, boxing, cricket, etc., as healthful exercises, *Knowledge* says: "It will probably sound paradoxical, after the stress we have laid on the necessity for exercise, to say that we consider each one of these exercises, as pursued by specialists, undeniably bad for the development of a well proportioned and thoroughly healthy frame. Take, for instance, any first-class eleven at cricket; select, if you please, an eleven such as the Australian, in which all round aptitude is a characteristic feature, and you will invariably find so large a proportion of ill-shaped men as to show that thoroughly well-built cricketers owe their goodly proportions to exercises outside cricket. Despite the running involved in the game, four cricketers out of five have badly-developed chests. One would say a good bat should have good shoulders, but that batting does not tend to improve the shoulders is shown by two, at least, of the finest Australian bats. Take rowing, again. Unless a rowing man does other work especially intended to correct the defect, he has invariably poor arms above the elbow, a marked inferiority in the development of the chest as compared with the back, and he generally has round shoulders and a forward hang of the head and neck. Boxing is better, but it cannot be pursued with advantage as the chief exercise a man or boy takes, and it is entirely unsuited to women and girls."

—

MOST wretched, indeed, must be the life of the Czar, if even a tithe of the stories related by usually trustworthy St. Petersburg correspondents may be credited. In the harbor at Peterhof all the vessels have, it is said, frequently been alarmed and searched three times in a single night, while the imperial yachts are constantly kept with anchors weighed and steam up, to facilitate the instantaneous flight of the Romanoff family if occasion demanded. And the belief is current that the Czar has ordered all his movable property, of every sort, to be moved and safely lodged in some foreign land. Meanwhile the Boyar aristocracy, zealous adherents to the Romanoff throne, unceasingly urge the necessity of immediate coronation. This ceremony, they say, would allay the uneasiness in the provinces, stop dissatisfaction in the army and navy, and greatly add to the Emperor's prestige among the masses, who will regard his authority as having thus received the stamp of Divine recognition. So impressed is Alexander by these arguments, it is said, that he is secretly preparing for a sudden coronation, either in the Kasan Cathedral, St. Petersburg, or in the Palace Chapel, Peterhof, the announcements regarding a coronation at Moscow being made merely to throw the Nihilists off the track. The reception of almost endless gratulatory deputations after the coronation is also a source of terror to the Czar, and it is reported that these will be postponed until a safe place and time can be found.

EVER THE SAME.

BY L. D. E.

I have weighed the love that I held so dear,
  Weighed the bitterness, weighed the pain,
And I know that it never was worth a tear,
  So why should I wish it were mine again?
Why break my heart for a love that failed
  When I needed to lean on it the most?
Why add another unto the list
  Of conquests that you have made your boast?

You snared my heart with your kisses sweet:
  Then left it to perish of cold neglect,
With never a thought for the life that beat,
  Or the hopes that you had so madly wrecked.
It was only a woman's heart, I know
  A toy to be broken and flung away,
When once you had tired of your childish sport,
  And serene and smiling had gone your way.

Had you counted the cost, I think your heart
  Had failed of the evil it meant to do,
Nor stooped to enact the villain's part
  In the tragedy set between us two.
But the lights are out and the play is done,
  So why should we linger when all are gone?
Or stop to consider what might have been,
  When men were the same since the world was born?

Too Late.

BY L. H. WRIGHT.

FOR the first time in his life George Hardy was piqued into almost indignation about a woman.

It had arisen from simple curiosity at first, for curiosity is by no means an essentially feminine feeling.

From curiosity had grown displeasure, then vexation, and latterly indignation, that he, all his life the darling of women wherever he went, was aroused out of pleasant *dolce far niente* of his life because of a woman whose face he could not possibly contrive hear or speak to him, who came and went like the veiled mystery she was.

Sitting in the luxurious sitting-room, the charming sunny front room of his suite of three apartments in Mr. Willoughby's lodging-house, watching the winter sunshine stream in through a parting in the dark crimson silken draperies, making a broad band of gold on the pearl and peach velvet carpet, George Hardy smoked his cigar, his handsome head leaning against the cushion of his favorite easy chair, his feet elevated on a foot-rest some eager hands among his lady friends had embroidered for him, and listened with all his attention to the voice of a woman singing in a room just across the hall.

It was an exquisite voice—liquid and mellow and soulful, with suggestions of passion and patience and a tinge of hopelessness in the full contralto notes, and for the hundredth time Mr. George found himself agitated by the sweet sounds, and the curiosity they evoked, and the great vexation he felt at the mystery so near him.

Her name he had asked and had been told—Mrs. Westburn.

Her slender girlish figure he had seen wrapped in a long dark-blue circular as she passed the door night after night, week in and week out, at exactly the same hour half-past seven, to return with equal regularity and punctuality at ten o'clock.

Her face was always doubly veiled.

She never turned her head toward his door that had lately always stood ajar.

She went her way, always the same lonely mystery, taking her meals in her own room, never seeing company, paying her bills to the landlady in advance—and that was all.

Except that George Hardy was consumed with a desire to see the face from whose mouth such divine floods of melody came.

Was she fair to see?

Would her tones in conversation thrill him as her singing did with its plaintive wails of passionate longing, or passionate remembrance—which was it?

And sitting there after the music had ceased, and the dark cloaked figure had, as usual, gone out all by herself, George told himself he had been a fool to endure such puzzling misery so long when all that he had to do was to put on his hat and follow her.

Only for a moment did his keen desire over-ride his equally keen sense of honor, for he was a gentleman in principle and by habit, as well as by birth and breeding.

If she desired to protect any secret she had he certainly had no wish to interfere.

But to know her!

His anxiety to know her strengthened daily, his determination and resolution had increased, until now he boldly decided to make a way.

So he wrote a note asking her for the honor of her acquaintance, explaining his position in the house and in society, telling her he had heard her sing and was so charmed, writing a letter, on every line of which was stamped the unmistakable seal of a gentleman's honor, and then he himself pushed it under her door to await his fate.

The next evening when he went into his room he found an answer on his table, an envelope addressed in an educated large style of handwriting, at once bold and elegant.

He studied it a moment, his heart giving a sudden unruly little thrill that it had not done on a woman's account for years, and then, without giving himself time to wonder what was within, he tore open the envelope.

He read as follows—

"I accept your offer of acquaintance, unconventional as both it and my reception of it is. Long ago there ceased to be any one but my own conscience-self to answer to, and I somehow feel quite content to take the responsibility, somehow feel persuaded that my self-respect, my only treasure I have left, cannot be grieved to indulge in an acquaintance with you, I, who have no soul to speak to in all the world. If this reply does not shock you, you may regard your charity accepted.

"HILDA WESTBURN."

It surely was a peculiar letter, as she said, "unconventional" to the last degree; and yet it pleased Hardy as nothing had ever pleased him.

First, because he had accomplished his purpose, and also because of the strong, keen, womanly frankness and pathos of the letter, and of the intelligence and refinement that breathed like a perfume all over it.

Then he sent another note of glad courteous thanks, asking her where and when and how it would best suit her to see him.

And while he was awaiting her answer he was suddenly taken sick, not dangerously nor alarmingly, with a wretched distressing attack of malaria that kept him between his sofa and easy-chair for days and days.

And then it occurred to him that his duty lay very plainly before him, and he sent for Mrs. Westburn to visit him in his lonely wretchedness—Mrs. Westburn and one or two others among the lady boarders, so that no odium might fall upon his specially desired guest.

So that, after he had received the petting and coddling of pretty little Miss Mordaunt, who came with the mistress of the house, and been advised and scolded by Mrs. Laxmore, the rich brewer's widow, who had a suite all to herself, and been given flowers and some toothsome grapes and hot-house peaches by Mrs. Raimond, the lovely six-months' bride who knew Hardy ages before; after so many lady callers no one was at liberty, even had they been so desirous, to remark at Mrs. Westburn's call upon the interesting invalid, deeply significant to each other, and of such momentous weight as the visit was.

It was just after the gas had been lighted and George had finished his early invalid supper, that there came steps from across the hall, followed by a low, prompt rap on his door, that made him thrill with expectation.

"Yes; come in, please."

And while the door was opening, the sweetest voice he ever heard in his life spoke—

"It is Mrs. Washburn."

Then this woman he had so madly desired to know came into the full soft glow of the light, and went up to him, and smiled, and extended her hand—all so naturally, so gracefully, that he was almost nonplussed.

She was not beautiful, as the general idea of beauty in a man's estimation goes.

But her figure was exquisite, slender, supple and symmetrical, and her hands were fair and womanly.

Her hair was dark and velvety, with little lustrous ripples here and there.

Her eyes were sweet and gentle, with a patience of quiet pain in them, and, to his critical eyes, holding capabilities of wonderful emotion.

Her teeth were exquisitely splendid, and more becoming than any teeth he ever had seen in a woman's mouth.

"This is so kind," he said, after a second's silence, when it seemed to him that some strange influence was at work upon him.

"How can I thank you, Mrs. Westburn?"

She smiled brightly.

"Haven't I Scripture authority to visit the sick in their affliction?

"Besides," and a little grave shadow swept over her passionate face, "I wanted to tell you how glad the thought of once more enjoying fellowship with another made me.

"I am so tired of myself."

George Hardy laughed at her sober little plaint.

"What execrable taste you have, Mrs. Westburn!"

That was the way they became acquainted, only the acquaintance never progressed any further.

Mrs. Westburn was always pleasant, always charming, sometimes roguish, but never did she lay aside a something that enveloped her like a palpable shield.

Never did she attempt to loosen the mystery that surrounded her, or explain the cause of her regular nightly absences, as if she rated herself far too superior to circumstances to suppose for a moment they could depreciate or advance her in George's or any one else's estimation.

So the odd intimacy progressed, week in and week out, every day adding to George Hardy's admiration and respect for her, until—

It could not have come to any other possible termination—absurd and incongruous though it sometimes seemed to him it was—that he was hopelessly, desperately in love with a woman of whose goings and comings he knew only as an unspoken mystery, whose name perhaps might not be her own.

But nothing could alter the facts of the case; she had bewitched him from the very first, and after her no other woman could ever come, as before her no other woman had ever been.

Then into the midst of his half-perplexities, Hilda was prostrated with a sudden, violent sore throat, and just before her usual time to don circular and veil, she sent a piteous little note to George.

"I am in such trouble, dear friend! I can trust no one so well as you, and you are the last one I wanted to know of my abasement. But will you go or send to the enclosed address, and explain why I fail to be there, for the first time in a year? After this perhaps I may not so much care that you know my poor little secret."

And the address given was—a cheap, plain, perfectly respectable German lager beer garden, where, night after night, this woman he loved sung her sweet songs to the men and their wives, and their children.

It was pain and pity combined that made his heart ache as he hurried away back to Hilda, who looked wistfully at him as he came in where she sat in the couch-chair.

"You do not quite despise me?

"I had to earn my living—oh, I tried everything first!"

"Despise you! oh, my poor little girl! Hilda, you never shall go back there again, never!"

She looked frightenedly at him.

"Hush, my friend.

"That is my rightful place, and these stolid Germans are my friends.

"Yes, I shall go back as soon as I am well."

George's face was white with eager resolve.

"No, you must not.

"It is no place for you—there is but one place in all the world for you, my darling!

"Here—in my arms.

"Hilda, you know I love you so dearly, and want you for my wife?"

She shrank back in her chair, a color brighter than fever flush on her face, a solemn satisfied brightness in her eyes, for all the grave, hushed tone of her answer—

"That cannot be; not because I do not love you, but because I love you too well, and a woman can love so well that she would break her heart to save her beloved."

George looked at her white, passion-faced.

"Hilda, you will not break my heart," he said.

"It will not break you heart dear," she answered.

"You will realize it best after a little time.

"After a time you will thank me that I was brave enough to save you from marrying a divorced woman."

There was a look of abnegation on her face that reminded George of a painting he once had seen, the lovely queen of Richard the Lion Hearted, as she smilingly, bravely drooped her lips to draw the fatal poison from his death wound.

"My love, my sweet one, I cannot live without you!"

And looking in her pure resolute eyes, with his own eager ones, George saw a strange light suddenly leap into them—a strange wide open look, followed by a dull pitiful dimness.

She fluttered her little hands swiftly—wildly one second, and then her face paled, and her head drooped softly back among the cushions just as Mrs. Willoughby tip-toed in, an ominous telegram in her hands addressed to Mrs. Westburn.

And while she and some one hurriedly summoned applied restoratives to revive the pale still figure, George tore open the envelope to read the brief announcement that Jack Westburn, her husband, had that morning been killed in a street brawl in San Francisco.

A wild fierce thanksgiving went up from George's heart, as he laid the precious paper of freedom away to show to his darling when her lovely eyes should ope on him.

Only—they knew a little later that the lovely eyes had closed, never to open again until the glories of the New Jerusalem should greet them.

Waterloo.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DUMAS.

MY principal object in going to Brussels was a pilgrimage to Waterloo.

I had seen Napoleon but twice in my life: once when he was going to the battle field, and again as he was returning from it.

The little village where I was born, and where my mother lived, is situated about twenty leagues from Paris, upon one of the three great routes which lead to Brussels, and was one of the arteries through which flowed that generous blood which was poured out so freely at Waterloo.

For weeks the place had worn an aspect of a camp—old men and children attracted by the trumpet and the drum, would eagerly follow the regiments as they came hurrying through—to-day, it might be 'the old guard' with its trailing banners, 'pierced by the balls of Marengo and Austerlitz—to-morrow, the incompleted squadrons of the dragoons in their rich uniforms, while the rumbling sound of artillery seemed to make the firm earth tremble—all dreaming of victory, and yet all pressing forward to form the great human hecatomb, which was preparing for sacrifice upon the altar of its country.

Mingled with the inspiring strains of our national airs might be heard the old republican chants which slumber sometimes, but never die out in France—chants which Napoleon had for a long time proscribed, and now only tolerated because they aroused enthusiasm and human sympathy, and so urged on to victory.

I was then only a child, scarcely twelve years old, and could not realize what memories those sights and sounds called up in other hearts.

I knew that for me it was a wild delight; I could not be restrained, and for days I rushed through those streets like a madman.

One morning, (it was June 12th, 1815, I believe) we read in the *Moniteur*: "To-morrow, his Majesty, the Emperor, will leave the Capital to join the army, taking his route through Soissons to Brussels."

Napoleon was to pass through our village!

I should see Napoleon!

His very name was full of charm to me, and yet it wakened such various and opposing ideas!

My father was an old republican soldier, and I had heard him mutter curses upon him.

I knew how he had sent back scornfully the 'blazon' which had been tendered to him, with the reply, that he had his own family escutcheon and that was honor enough for him—it bore a pyramid—a palm tree and three horses heads which my father had had killed under him at the seige of Mantua, bearing the firm, yet conciliatory motto—

"Sans haine, Sans crainte."

I had heard him exalted by Murat—one of the few who remained faithful to my father in his misfortunes—Murat, a soldier who Napoleon had made general—a general whom he had made a king, and who forgot all this just at the moment when he should have remembered it.

And then, I had heard him judged impartially by Bruno, my godfather, the warrior philosopher who with Tacitus in hand, was always ready to fight for his country whoever might demand it, whether it might be Louis 16th or Robespierre, Barras or Napoleon.

All this was boiling in my youthful brain when the tidings came from Paris, that Napoleon himself was coming!

He had girded on his sword and was ready for action, he was coming with the speed of the lightning, and with the crushing force of a thunderbolt!

The *Moniteur* had not said at what hour he was coming, but the entire population of our little village was massed in the Rue de Paris.

With a crowd of children I rushed on before to a high hill, from whence we could see far out into the country, a league or more.

After long watching we discerned a courier approaching rapidly, and as he passed he pointed backward toward the horizon.

Then indeed, we saw two carriages, each drawn by six horses, which disappeared for a while in the valley and then emerged again about a quarter of a league from us.

We rushed toward the village shouting—

"The Emperor, the Emperor!" and the foaming horses, the ribboned postillions, and the Emperor himself halted for a moment, and I saw Napoleon!

He wore a green costume, with small epaulets and the cross of the Legion of Honor.

His head was bowed upon his breast, while his immovable features had a waxen tint, his eyes alone seemed living.

Beside him, was the prince Jerome—a king without a kingdom—but a faithful brother!

He saluted for his brother, whose vague wandering look seemed entirely lost in the future or perhaps in the past.

Opposite to the Emperor was Letort, his 'aide-de-camp,' an ardent soldier, who seemed to scent already the odors from the battle field, and who smiled complacently as though he knew that a long life was before him.

They halted only for a moment, then dashing forward, disappeared from our wondering vision, and all was over like a fitful dream.

Then for three days came to us conflicting rumors, sometimes of defeat, sometimes of victory.

On the morning of June 17th, a courier passed with certain news of victory—then for two days a strange silence—then vague rumors from an uncertain source, and then we heard the Emperor himself was in Brussels, returning.

Some Russians, wounded and tattered, who proved to be only the advance of the panic-stricken fugitives, came rushing wildly into our midst, saying that we had lost the battle; but we did not wish to believe them.

We said that Napoleon could not have been beaten: that the glorious army we had seen passing could not have been destroyed.

My mother hastened immediately to the post, thinking that there the true tidings would certainly be brought, whatever it might be, and there I searched the charts for the name of Waterloo; I could not find it, and so at last believed that all was imaginary, even the name of the battle field.

Then came other fugitives confirming the worst, and adding that Napoleon and Jerome were among the slain.

This was believed still less—the Emperor might not be invincible, but he was at least invulnerable.

The reports that followed were still more disastrous and terrible.

Toward midnight the rumbling of a carriage was heard, and pale-faced men in whispered tones and with bated breath, murmured—

"It is the Emperor."

It was indeed Napoleon!

As I had before seen him, his head bent forward upon his breast, perhaps a little

more inclined, but scarcely an expression of his face seemed changed, nothing written there to indicate that this lofty gamester had played against the world, and had not won, but lost!

The same—only neither Jerome or Letort were with him now, to smile or bow for him!

The former was attempting to rally his shattered army, while the latter had fallen, cut in twain by a well-aimed cannon ball.

The Emperor started suddenly, as if waking from a fearful dream, and in a voice low and hissing, demanded of his 'cocher'—

"Where are we now?"

"At Villers Cotcrets, sire," replied he.

"And how many leagues from Soissons?"

"Only six leagues, sire."

"And how many yet from Paris?"

"Only nineteen, sire."

"Tell the postillions to drive quickly," he said, and leaning back into the accustomed corner, he dropped his head upon his breast.

The horses dashed forward as on the wings of the wind.

No other word was spoken—none was needed—but all knew too well what had befallen our noble army.

There was no longer any question which was ours—victory or defeat!

And so I have visited the village with the unknown name which I could not find upon the Map of Belgium upon that eventful 20th of June, 1815, but which since that time has been inscribed upon the history of Europe in characters of blood!

F. A. MITCHELL.

Making it Up.

BY HAROLD J. BOSSITER.

PINKIE was balanced on the toes of her slippers upon the top of a cider-barrel, gathering hops, when Aleck Rochay drove along with his wagon, piled up with red and yellow apples, and a big, luxuriously-golden pumpkin in the corner, and stopped at the gate.

Pinkie immediately hopped off her perch and hid behind the barrel, but Aleck, coming up the walk with the pumpkin, saw the edge of her pink dress.

"Can't fool me, Miss Pink Randall," said he, rolling the pumpkin slowly along the porch.

"I can see through more things than a barrel. There's the first pumpkin of the season."

Pinkie scrambled up, shook out her skirt, and surveyed the pumpkin, half wonderingly, from under the brim of her hat, turning her back upon Aleck, who, however, only went down the path, whistling a light air carelessly, and drove off to town with his apples.

Aleck and Pinkie having indulged in a neat little tiff the week before, had since amused themselves with trying to freeze each other—very unsuccessfully, it would seem, judging from the warmth of temper both could exhibit on the slightest provocation.

And this was the first time Aleck had paid a visit to Pinkie since the last "unpleasantness."

"Did I ever!" said Pinkie, and glanced over her shoulder to see if Aleck was looking back, which of course he was, whereat Pinkie turned scarlet and frowned, though Aleck was too far off to see that.

"If he's trying to make up," she continued, "what does he be such a stick about it for? Expects me to go two-thirds of the way, of course—men always do.

"But he began the quarrel, and if he wants to make it up let him say so. 'See through more than a barrel.' Always insinuating things."

And Pinkie, thus fanning her anger, sat down on the step and kicked her toes against a peck measure.

The bone of contention which had served Aleck and Pinkie with excuses for more than one squabble was a gentleman from the city, who was spending the summer at the farm owned by Pinkie's brother-in-law—a comfortable, old-fashioned homestead, with clover-carpeted orchards, cooled with dense shade, and haunted by the gurgling murmur of a brook and the slumberous hum of bees.

Perhaps the boarder found an added charm, though possibly a fleeting one, in Pinkie's spirited brown eyes and piquant manners.

And Pinkie—why, she would have been coquettish to—well, anybody—and never thought seriously of it.

Why shouldn't she walk to church with Mr. Skeffington and put a red rose bud in his button-hole?

To be sure they had been the same as engaged—Aleck and Pinkie—since the days they went nutting together and quarreled over their grammar.

But that was no reason—so Pinkie thought—why she shouldn't look at anyone else.

To make matters a little worse, Aleck had a stylish young lady cousin visiting at his house, whose company, Pinkie had told him, he no doubt found a very agreeable substitute for hers.

But here on the porch lay Aleck's gift, and, probable peace-offering, for having been unusually bitter at their last tilt, and perhaps—

The frown had all departed from Pinkie's forehead; her eyes were growing tender.

Young Skeffington strolled round the corner, with his straw hat tilted gracefully on one side, and a handful of early wild purple asters, which he presented to Pinkie.

"These," he said, "are a much more fitting offering to beauty than is a pumpkin."

He pronounced the word in a scornful manner.

He had witnessed Aleck's visit, and eyed his gift with disdain, which unaccountably nettled Pinkie.

"They are prettier to look at," she said, "but I don't suppose they would do quite as well to cook."

The young man shrugged his shoulders and sauntered away indifferently; his gallantry of late was growing rather careless and fitful.

And Pinkie was inconsistent enough to put the asters he gave her in her hair, and then pull them out and throw them under the step.

After which method of relieving her feelings, she picked up the pumpkin to carry into the kitchen, and so made the discovery that there was a scrap of paper attached to the bit of stem which remained on the pumpkin.

And it read thus:

"Coming over to-morrow. Forgiveness and pumpkin-pies can solace an injured spirit."

How like Aleck!

A small dimple found its way to Pinkie's rosily-velvet cheek, and Pinkie's married sister, Elsie, a plump, fair, and generally sweet-tempered little woman, came in and saw it.

"Have you and Aleck made up?" she asked.

"I haven't," said Pinkie.

"Are you going to?" again queried her sister.

"Don't know," perverse Pinkie returned.

"You are a foolish girl if you don't," said Elsie, "and I will say he is too good for you."

Pinkie scratched her rosy ear with a hairpin.

Elsie frowned.

Pinkie glanced sideways at the pumpkin and smiled.

"What do you think," she asked, "of a man supposing he could find balm for his wrongs in pumpkin-pies?"

"I should say," answered Elsie, "if the man was Aleck, that you had better make the pies, and make them as good as possible."

"Oh, you're awfully practical," said Pinkie, darting off, with her chestnut mane flying.

But all the same, before next morning's sun had mounted very high in the heavens a trim little lady, neatly done up like a brown-paper parcel, in a very large linen apron, betook herself to the kitchen and prowled about in the pantry, seeking for sugar, cinnamon, vinegar, and all the various ingredients necessary in the manufacture of pumpkin-pies.

A sound of wheels was heard in the lane, and Pinkie tripped out to the porch, the nutmeg-grater in her hand, as a phaeton rolled by, driven by Aleck Rochay, and—Pinkie dropped the grater suddenly and gasped for breath.

There was the stylish cousin sitting beside him, the plume in her hat fluttering, and a faint breath of rose drifting up to the house.

Pinkie went back to the kitchen, shoved the pumpkin in a corner, flung the nutmegs under the table, and the cinnamon after them, pulled off her apron, and went into the house.

Mr. Skeffington met her in the hall.

"Shan't we take a ride, Miss Pinkie?" he asked, wondering a little at the sparkle in her eyes, and the deep bloom in her cheeks.

"All right!" said Pinkie.

And she instantly dashed upstairs for her habit.

The shadows were falling eastward from the trees on the lawn when Pinkie again crossed it on her way to the house after her ride, her habit gathered up in her arms, and a cluster of scarlet geraniums in her belt.

Elsie, who was sitting on the step, bestowed as dark a frown on her as her fair, placid countenance was capable of getting up.

"You've lost him now for good," was her first remark.

"Lost whom?" said Pinkie, staring at her sister.

"Aleck, of course!

"Didn't he step in when he came back after taking his cousin down to catch the train, and found you gone off with Mr. Skeffington?"

"And—and she has gone home, then?" gasped Pinkie, suddenly feeling decidedly guilty.

"Why, of course she's gone home. She was engaged to the minister, anyway, and you've made a nice mess of it all now."

Elsie flounced away, looking very indignant.

Pinkie followed her.

"Do you think he will ever come back?" she asked, meekly.

"H'm," said Elsie.

"He may possibly come to-morrow, but only to see John about the cider-mill, mind you."

Pinkie had very little appetite for dinner, even Elsie's jam-puffs had no charm for her.

Her usual archness had so completely disappeared that Mr. Skeffington felt called on to become injured, and indulge in a fit of the sulks.

But the moderate bit of hope Elsie had held out concerning Aleck's possible appearance next day, was some little comfort to Pinkie, and inspired her with a secret resolution.

Long after the dinner hour was past the neat little figure, done up in the big brown cooking-apron, again stood beside the long, white kitchen-table, where a row of pie-pans were shining.

Spices perfumed the air, and a dozen eggs were piled in a cake-pan.

The sun was fairly down when Pinkie set her last fragrant, golden-complexioned pie on the window-sill to cool, and stood looking down at it, absorbed in her own reflections.

"The queen of hearts she made some tarts," chanted a voice behind her, and before she knew it, she was whirled around, apron and all, in some one's arms, and kissed.

"They're not tarts," said Pinkie, when she recovered her breath. "But, oh, Aleck, how did you happen to come back. I was afraid you wouldn't speak to me any more."

"Oh," said Aleck, "perhaps I wouldn't have come if I had not seen some one come out on the steps this morning, to see who was going by, whith her usual woman's curiosity, and then bounce in like an enraged wasp.

"I suspected which way the wind blew, and I knew Elsie would tell you the truth when I came back.

"And when I saw the pies just now, I knew it was all right."

"And you'll stay to supper, of course?" said Pinkie.

"Of course," said Mr. Rochay. "It would never do to let all those pies waste their sweetness on the desert air."

The Monkeys and the Tiger.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

MONKEYS in their wild state are subject to many chances and vicissitudes, of which little is known save to those who have had opportunities of studying their habits and mode of life in forests and jungles.

Of all the species found in India proper—and the monkey race is somewhat largely represented there—the greenish gray variety is the most interesting; and its docility, when caught young and reared with care and kindness, is something remarkable.

Amongst the natives of the Northwest Provinces it is known by the name of bundar, and shares almost equally with the Hunman the great veneration of the Hindoos.

It was amongst this species I found myself one day, on my arrival at my tent in Upper India; and on inquiry I ascertained that a belt of forest at least twenty miles in length, and three in breadth, bordering on the river, was inhabited by countless families of these creatures.

Each family, consisting often of as many as thirty members, strictly maintained its own individuality, and confined itself to a fixed area, where it roamed during the day and slept at night.

From dawn till sunset each troop searched for seeds, fruit, and the roots of edible plants, jealously guarded by its gray-bearded patriarch; and it was amusing to watch the anxiety displayed by this individual, if by chance his family came into too close proximity with that of another.

Nor was it an unusual occurrence to see the elderly heads of the families engaged in a "battle-royal," vehemently claiming some too coquettish monkey, who in the fierce heat of the combat generally escaped, in a more or less dilapidated condition, and with extraordinary agility returned to her own tribe, only, however, to be chased about and bullied by her more demure and circumspect relations.

Monkeys in general, and the above species in particular, entertain the greatest antipathy to tigers and leopards.

Nor is this to be wondered at, for it is these animals only that attempt to molest them. Indeed, by the former monkey meat is considered a delicacy.

When, therefore, their domain is invaded by the stealthy tiger, and his whereabouts detected, the violence of their anger knows no bounds.

High up out of reach of their foe, they give free vent to their enmity, and with prodigious chatter assemble in all their strength upon the trees beneath which the tiger is lurking; shaking the branches with might and main, and pattering down upon and about their would-be devourer such a shower of dry sticks, twigs and leaves, that the latter is forced, with an angry growl, to quit his lair and seek other and quieter quarters.

But no peace is he allowed so long as he remains in their vicinity; and should darkness set in, these sagacious animals will, on the ensuing morning, search diligently to see whether or not their enemy has taken his departure.

Illustrative of this antipathy, a strange incident came under my notice.

After I had been encamped a week or so I was informed that there had been for some days past, and still was, a most unusual commotion existing among a large tribe of monkeys in a distant part of the forest, and that it must be occasioned by the persistent presence of a tiger or leopard in their immediate neighborhood.

From my previous knowledge of the habits of monkeys, I was aware that they treated other animals, such as wild-hog, deer, etc., with perfect indifference, and what the native represented was probably the real clue to the state of frenzy the creatures were reported to be in.

Unfortunately, I had no elephant with me on which I could with perfect safety venture to explore the place in question, which was in the very heart of the forest, and overrun with a dense undergrowth of bushes, etc.

I was determined, however to do the best I could.

So, taking a reliable gun-bearer to carry my second rifle, I set out for the scene of the commotion.

After awhile we arrived within a comparatively short distance of the spot, where a vast concourse of monkeys, chattering and screaming, created an almost deafening clamor, as they bounded and scrambled up and down some trees clustered close together.

I knew the risk I incurred in the hazardous undertaking of walking up to a tiger or leopard under such disadvantageous circumstances; in truth, the very nature of the excitement depicted on the faces of the monkeys, which from time to time I carefully noted through a powerful binocular, warned me of the description of animal that stirred their wrath.

Moreover, as the air was untainted by odor, and free from the presence of wheeling vulture, I felt convinced that the object of their dread was alive, hence my progress became slow and cautious to a degree; yet all the time I felt puzzled to explain why the animal remained in one spot, worried as it undoubtedly must be by the continuous shrieking of a host of monkeys overhead.

Gradually my companion and I approached to within fifty yards of the excited throng; then I became reluctant to proceed farther without again thoroughly reconnoitering the situation.

With considerable difficulty I hoisted the native—a lithe, spare man—so that he was able to seize hold of the branch of a tree and swing himself into a commanding position, whence, with the aid of my glasses, he endeavored to ascertain what was the matter.

The fellow had hardly been on the bough a minute, when he slid swiftly to the ground.

"Come along, sir," he exclaimed; "it is dead!"

"What is dead?" I asked eagerly.

But the native was moving ahead rapidly through the jungle, and though I followed close on his heels, his reply was lost in the terrible uproar the monkeys were making.

I was therefore quite unprepared for the strange sight that in a few seconds met my eyes.

A full-grown tiger had jammed himself inextricably between two stout saplings that sprang from the same root, and widened, so that at the point where he was caught at the waist and pinned, they seemed not more than six inches apart, and perhaps five feet from the ground.

The animal was quite dead, and, by his emaciated condition, had evidently succumbed to slow starvation.

Of course it is impossible to describe the exact process by which the tiger got himself into the extraordinary predicament; but the following is, to all appearances, a very likely solution:

In the first place, he must have invaded the domain of the monkeys, and in return been constantly harrassed by them for some days.

Finally, some monkey more daring and malevolent than his brethren, must have come a considerable distance down one of the saplings, to vex and annoy the tiger still further; and the latter, believing he saw a chance of gratifying his resentment, made a spring at him, which Jako probably neatly avoided. But his antagonist had proven less fortunate, and had evidently fallen between two smooth saplings, and had been caught in their embrace.

Thus inextricably wedged in, harried by countless hordes of shrieking monkeys, racked by hunger, tortured by thirst, the unfortunate beast had remained imprisoned till death relieved him of his sufferings.

A BRIDAL PACKAGE.—Nearly every bridal couple that goes to Washington—and Washington is the national bridal Mecca—visits the Treasury vaults. The young and invariably interesting couple want to closely inspect Uncle Sam's plentiful shekels. When they enter the vault the man in charge of it, after a few preliminary words of explanation, hands down a package of notes from a shelf and tells the bride to take it in her hands. He then explains that this package contains $20,000,000 in United States Treasury notes. The young lady is delighted to be able to go away and say that she has held as much money in her own hands. They are further told that the notes are all known as the denomination of $10,000. They constitute what is known as the "Bridal Package." But it is a fraud on the young people. The Treasury there does not hold that amount of money. The bulk of the money is in the Sub-Treasury at New York. That "Bridal Package" is a gay deceiver. It does contain, however, notes of the denomination of $10,000, which would, in the aggregate, represent $20,000,000 if they were only signed. But they are worth no more, in reality, than the paper on which they are printed, being minus the necessary signatures.

"I MAINTAIN," cried Mr. Smith, excitedly, "that no man has been in such a horrible predicament that he could not be in a worse one." "That's all nonsense" answered the blonde young man; "a relative of mine was once on the sea in an open boat for ten days with nothing to eat; on the eleventh day he was so hungry he had to eat his own shoes; what could be worse than that?" "Well" said Mr. S., slowly, "he might have had to eat some one else's!" The blonde man wilted.

The Siege of Paris.

BY A. R. H.

MADEMOISELLE, we are obliged to ask your hospitality.

"Believe me, we will encroach upon it as little as possible."

The speaker, a young Prussian officer in full uniform, bent low before the beautiful girl whom he addressed.

But Marie D'Auvergne saw neither the courtly grace of manner, nor noted the young handsome face and form.

She only knew that the enemy of her country stood before her, that the tricolor of France had been dragged down from its standard where it floated protectingly over the little French town, and the hated banner of Prussia put in its stead.

That the very privacy of their hearths and homes had been intruded upon—in many instances ruthlessly, and that the man before her was but a representative of all that the disaster entailed.

"Sir," she answered, her lip curling in undisguised scorn as she spoke, "we are women, and defenceless.

"It fits you well that you should make a pretence of asking, through courtesy, that which you have already obtained through force.

"The only request we can make of our guests," emphasizing the latter word with supreme irony—"is that we may be permitted to see as little of them as possible. Unless your grateful consideration demands all the house, leave us any portion, however small, that shall be ours, not only in word, but in deed."

"Mademoiselle, your wishes are commands," answered the young officer, though a flush had risen to his cheek at her hot words of scorn.

"My advice to you would be to take the upper floor, where there would be no excuse of intrusion upon me.

"I wish most earnestly that I might withdraw my men from the house, but it is impossible.

"The town is small, and the troops are many.

"They are quartered everywhere; and even should I withdraw them, you might be subjected to fresh annoyances, from which it will ever be my earnest endeavor to shield you.

"Permit me, mademoiselle, to hand you my card, and to beg you to command my services, and to report to me any incivility which you may encounter."

So speaking, he placed on the table beside her a slip of pasteboard, and making a low bow withdrew.

The girl made no motion towards it, not even bending the haughty little head in recognition of his courtesy.

"Really, Marie," her aunt, stretching out her hand for the card, "the young man was very polite.

"It would have been better policy, my dear, had your manner not been so repellent."

"Repellent!" exclaimed the young girl, rising from her seat in her excitement, and pacing up and down the room.

"I wish I could have crushed with my scorn.

"Does he not know that a true Frenchwoman will bear any insult rather than the humiliation of Prussian magnanimity?

"I hate him.

"I hate them all.

"How shall I ever draw a free breath, knowing that they live on the same air that sustains me?

"Ah, France, be patient; it is but for a little longer."

"'Hermann von Mass,'" read the elder lady aloud, from the card.

"We must not lose this.

"The young man may really be of future service to us."

"Aunt, how can you? Give me the card or tear it up yourself.

"Do you think I would ask a favor at his hands; ay, or accept one? Never—never!"

And the bright eyes flashed.

But madame quietly slipped the little piece of pasteboard within the reticule she wore at her belt, determining if necessary to take the young officer at his word.

"Madame will pardon a stranger's interference, but I must beg that neither she nor mademoiselle venture into the streets to-day. The soldiers are in a state of revelry and riot, which might subject ladies to insult. Any commands I should be happy to fill.

"Respectfully,

"HERMANN VON MASS."

Madame D'Auvergne some three days later read aloud the above from a card just slipped beneath their door.

Her niece stood before the glass, tying on her hat, and listening with curling lip.

"You see, Marie," she said, glancing up from the writing, "you must not go out. It would be rash to madness.

But Marie only picked up her veil and began adjusting it over her pretty face.

"Marie, do you hear me?"

"Yes, aunt," she answered then; "but inasmuch as I am very hungry, and there is nothing in the house to eat, I think it rather a matter of necessity than of choice. Besides, I would rather have open insult than Hermann von Mass's respectful interference. Have no fear, auntie. I can get to table to take care of myself."

And, spite of the elder lady's entreaties, and with a good-bye kiss, and a reassuring smile, she was gone.

But the smile faded as she stood a moment on the threshold of the outside door, and glanced up and down the street, filled with soldiers.

The color in her cheek paled to whiteness and her heart beat loud and fast.

She almost determined to turn back, when some one standing at her elbow, said, in tones so earnest as to sound harsh:

"Did your aunt not receive my warning?"

It was Hermann von Mass who spoke.

"Are you in authority in this house, sir, over all its inmates?" she questioned. "If we be your prisoners, let us know it. You can then enforce your wishes."

"You do me injustice, mademoiselle," he replied, in low, thrilling tones. "I beg you for your own sake, not for mine, not to venture out this morning."

"Your prayers and command is are alone to me, sir," she retorted.

The next minute she had gained the street, fear forgotten in her indignant anger.

With quick step she hastened in the necessary direction.

Beyond a rude stare of admiration, she was unmolested, and her few purchases effected.

She started to return, when coming immediately towards her, extending from the curb to the wall, was a line of Prussian soldiers, arm-linked-in-arm, their steps unsteady from liquor, and their voices raised in laughter and song.

What should she do?

She feared to turn and flee, lest they should pursue her.

Perhaps by hiding her tremor and walking boldly on, they might quietly make room for her to pass.

Hermann von Mass's hated advice rang in her ears.

She should hate him trebly, if it proved unnecessary.

But now all the soldiers' eyes were turned upon her, as they stood, an impassable phalanx, barring her way.

"Pay us toll, my pretty little Francaise?" said one, fastening his coarse gaze upon her.

"Yes; pay us toll!" the others echoed. "A kiss apiece."

Concealing the awful sinking at her heart, she strove to pass them by stepping down from the curb; but the outside man and first speaker threw out his arm to prevent her escape.

"No, no!" he said, in freezing tones. "You are our prisoner, and we let you off easy. Pay us willingly, and we will prove good as our word. Drive us to force, and we'll help ourselves."

To scream would be to gather round her fresh tormentors, so she struggled for calm.

"Let me pass!" she said, in low indignant tones, when, without deigning further parley, the first speaker threw his arms round her waist.

She felt his tainted breath upon her cheek.

Oh Heaven! must her lips be polluted by his touch?

With sudden strength she wrenched herself from his grasp, the brutal laugh of the others jarring on her ears.

A scream, loud and long, burst from her lips, followed by another and another, as her persecutor again approached, when as if by magic, some one darted in between them, and laid the ruffian to the earth.

The others, hold with drink, murmured angrily, but a gleaming pistol soon silenced them, even as they recognized their young colonel, and respectfully moved away.

Calling a guard he put the man he held under his heel in arrest, then turned and offered his arm to the trembling girl.

She saw then for the first time that it was Hermann von Mass who had saved her.

Haughtily refusing his arm, hating herself but hating him more, she walked on in silence by his side.

At her door she forced herself to speak—"Sir, I owe you my thanks," she said.

"Mademoiselle, the day will come when you will pay me your debt in full," he replied, and left her.

What did he mean?

His words, the man himself, haunted her.

How brave and full of courage he had been?

How nobly he had come to her relief!

How generously he had uttered no word of reproach, or of truth that she had brought it all on herself!

If he had not been a Prussian she might almost have kissed him.

As it was—but she got no further than this.

She broke down in a storm of tears.

A week later the troops, all but a small reserve, were ordered out for a sortie.

Paris had long been in siege, and must soon capitulate.

With all her heart Marie prayed night and day for success to the flag already doomed.

That her cause could be lost seemed to her impossible.

Now and then the winds bore to her ear the boom of cannon.

They were fighting not far off, and among them was the man she had treated with such disdainful contempt.

Could it be that she thought of him at such a time?

The third day the fighting ceased—the Prussians were again victorious, but all the night long they were bringing back the dead and wounded into the little town.

It was just daybreak when a squad of soldiers halted at her door.

She had not dreamed of undressing during the long night.

A nameless dread had tortured her.

She knew in this moment what it was, as she went down and threw open the door to receive the pale, senseless form they bore.

"This way," she said, with quiet dignity, and led the way to her own room and her own bed.

He had told her she should repay her debt.

Could he have foreseen this day?

Would he ever know what she had done for him?

For weeks his life hung in the balance, but one night he opened his gray eyes to consciousness, and they rested on the solitary figure at his side.

Her aunt, weary, had gone to rest.

A smile broke over the white thin face.

"You here, mademoiselle?" he said.

"Yes," she answered, "I am here."

He held out his wasted hand, and she silently placed hers within it.

Then, still with that smile about his lips, he fell asleep; but from that moment the tide had turned, and life had gained the victory.

He was almost well again, when one day, came the tidings of the fall of Paris, and on the same day, by the fatality of fate, came to him the news of his promotion to a general's rank.

"Ah mademoiselle," he said, "I cannot rejoice while you weep.

"I once said you should pay your debt. I little imagined how you would pay it. I meant then that the day should come when you should love and marry me.

"I had loved you from the first moment my eyes rested on you, spite of your scorn and contempt.

"But now you have paid your debt in your own way.

"You have given me back my life.

"I will no longer torture you by my presence.

"I will go away and leave you."

And he turned his head that she might not see the moisture in his eyes.

But softly she stole to his side, and kneeling down, nestled her head on his arm.

"If I say stay, Hermann, then will you go?"

"My love—my darling, do not mock me? Oh, this is cruel."

"Nay, Hermann, I am like my own poor Paris," she replied.

"The siege has been a long one, but she and I, I fear, have alike been taken by storm."

Sandy's Money.

BY ANNA GALLAGER.

IN the town of Lynn every man is a shoemaker.

That is not quite an exact statement, but it is so nearly the truth that I will let it stand.

Certainly in almost all the little houses somebody is at work either binding shoes, hammering soles, making heels, or stitching uppers.

And among them, many years ago, none could have been found more busy or more contented than a quiet, red-haired Scotchman called Sandy Pherson.

He lived alone, being either a bachelor or a widower—probably the latter—in a little two-roomed house on wheels, and whenever the owner of the ground on which he had established his residence asked awkward questions or demanded rent, he simply wheeled his mansion away.

And thus he spent next to nothing, and though he did not make much money, saved the best part of what he made.

He had lived several years in this quiet way, when one day there appeared in the village a tall, serious gentleman in a black coat, who inquired diligently for one Mr. Alexander McPherson, soon discovered the object of his search in the simple Sandy Pherson, hammering away at his bench, and thus addressed him—

"Sir, I am one of the firm of Dunn and Derry, lawyers, and I bring you the sad news that your uncle, Mr. Donald McPherson, has departed this life."

Sandy laid down his lapstone, shook his head, and gravely remarked—

"I never thought uncle Donald was a long liver."

And thinking his duty done, set to work again.

But once more the lawyer spoke—

"And it is also my pleasant duty, Mr. McPherson, to inform you that your uncle Donald has left you a legacy amounting to five thousand dollars, which, after the necessary formalities, our firm shall take pleasure in paying into your hands."

Sandy put down his work again, looked at the lawyer, and, after a little pause, remarked—

"It was weel meant of uncle Donald, and you mean weel to me in telling me of it, but it will be aye a dreadful trouble spending sic a sum."

The lawyer laughed; he thought his client intended a joke, but Sandy was in sober earnest.

Having received the necessary instructions, he shut up his little house, fastened the doors and shutters well, stored it with an old farmer just out of town, and went to get his money.

For three years no one in Lynn saw or heard anything of him, but at the end of that time, Mr. Gage, the farmer with whom Sandy had left his house, was surprised by his reappearance in a good suit of clothes, with a very red face and very portly person, to claim his house again.

"I'm glad to see you, Sandy.

"I've had my work to spend my five thousand dollars, and I assure ye it was the out eating and drinking part of that was the hardest for me; but I've got through, and maybe I'm no the worse for a bit holiday."

And once more the door of the little wheeled house stood open, and Sandy Pherson worked beside it from dawn until sunset.

Two years passed.

At the end of that time the village gossips once more saw the tall spare form of the member of the firm of Dunn and Derry in the streets of the little town.

This time he made no inquiries, but walked to the door of Sandy's house and knocked.

"Come in," cried the shoemaker, and in walked the lawyer.

"Oh, and is it you, Mr. Dunn?" cried Sandy.

"Sit ye doon, man, sit ye doon.

"And what new news has ye for me?"

"Much the same as before, Mr. McPherson," replied the lawyer.

"Your uncle Duncan has left this world for a better."

"Ou, aye, I saw the old man was failing," said Sandy.

"His property has been equally divided among his four nephews, and your share, my dear sir, I am happy to tell you, amounts to ten thousand dollars."

"That's twice as much as uncle Donald left me," sighed Sandy.

"'Twill be hard work spending it."

Again the little house was stored away behind the barn of Mr. Gage's farm.

But this time the farmer having died in Sandy's absence, the bargain was made with the widow Gage, a comely woman of forty, who gave Sandy some good advice on the subject of his fortune, which he received in silence.

Away he went, and for three years Lynn saw him no more, but when another year was on its way the wonder-stricken inhabitants saw Sandy again at his bench.

He had grown fat, his eyes were red and watery, his nose the shape of an onion.

He had symptoms of the gout, and as he worked he made his plaint to any who would listen to him.

"Ah, you may laugh.

"None of you have tried it.

"Spending ten thousand dollars in three years is hard work for any man."

However, five years of oatmeal porridge, bacon, and weak tea, with hard work, reduced Sandy to his former condition of skin and bone.

His health was good, his eyes clear, and he was more contented than ever, until one day through the streets of Lynn walked once more the tall grave serious gentleman from the firm of Dunn and Derry.

This time Lynn was actually excited, and as the lawyer entered the door Sandy turned upon him a face longer and more solemn than he had ever shown before, and cried out—

"Mr. Dunn again? Weel, out with it, sir!"

"Bad news, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," replied the lawyer. "Your aunt Jean is dead. She departed this life very suddenly.

"It was a shock to all the family."

"Ay; I thought aunt Jean would live to be a hundred," said Sandy.

"So did she; but she had made her will notwithstanding, and as you were her favorite nephew she has left every cent to you. Sir, I congratulate you."

"Don't do that, man," said Sandy. "You mean well, but it's adding insult to injury. Let me know the worst.

"She must have been an unco' rich woman, my aunt Jean."

"You are now possessed of more than fifty thousand dollars," replied the lawyer. "Indeed, really as you take it, I should like to stand in your shoes, Mr. McPherson."

"Ah, weel," replied Sandy; "you may call it cool, but I feel pretty warm. How is a man ever to spend forty thousand dollars?"

The lawyer declined undertaking.

In the yard Sandy stood in Mrs. Gage's door-yard.

"I'm in trouble again, Mrs. Gage," said he; "my aunt Jean is dead. Oh no; 'tisn't that, we must all die some day, but she's left me her money, and I've forty thousand dollars to spend."

"I wish I had," said the farmer's widow, whose hair was slowly growing under the weight of a thousand-dollar mortgage. "It is my wish the law would force me back that was taken from me."

"But how's a man to spend it?" continued Sandy. "I cannot get through the ten thousand without making a beast of myself; and forty thousand at my age will be the end of me. What's a single man like me to do wi' it all?"

"Oh, there are plenty of ways, Mr. McPherson," said the farmer's widow. "You could be benevolent."

"I never give good money to beggars, let them work for their bread," said Sandy. "Ah, you don't know Mrs. Gage.

"Hoot, hoot! what's the use of having a good sensible wife to show a man how to use his money," said Mrs. Gage. "You'd have no trouble then."

"And who would I marry?" asked Sandy.

"It's not for me to say," replied Mrs. Gage. "Some sensible, middle-aged woman, Mr. McPherson." "I wonder would I even have me?" asked Sandy. "You're a very sensible woman Mrs. Gage, and it seems to me I couldn't do better; but I dare say you'd drink your share." Mrs. Gage held her peace, and Lynn was surprised by a wedding the next week. Mrs. McPherson and Sandy appeared each Sunday at church in black silk, and Sandy still made shoes on the same house now wheeled per harness and kitchen door up to the last moment he could forget that he has any, though he always says that a married man is a much more comfortable man than a bachelor, and adds: "I didn't know it until the wife told me," which is regarded as one of Mr. McPherson's jokes, though it is strictly true.

Our Young Folks.

A LION HUNT.

BY A. R. H.

THE reader will please not imagine himself in any African desert nor Indian jungle; our scene is nothing but a quiet village-green in the very heart of England, and a truly English scene it made that fine summer evening.

It was beginning to grow dusk now; as the bright western sky faded into a solemn gray, the blacksmith's fire glowed out more and more cheerily across the road, and a light twinkled here and there in the cottage windows.

The young men and lads who had been playing cricket on the green were putting on their jackets and gathering in a knot round the village pump, under a great oak, the trunk of which was ornamented by a flaring yellow bill that announced the arrival of the most famous menagerie in the world—so, at least, the bill called it—at the little town of Lassington, a few miles away.

Before long, it became evident that the knot of cricketers must be discussing a matter of more than common interest.

They talked eagerly; they looked anxiously about them; little boys poked their heads in to hear, and ran away to carry the news; the neighbors at the cottage doors left their idle gossip and made for the gathering at the pump; this group soon grew to a crowd.

It was said that the largest lion from the menagerie had broken out of his cage, and got away into Dumberley Wood, a piece of old forest which covered the country for miles, and came down almost to the skirts of our village.

Here was news to startle a quiet neighborhood!

Tramps, gipsies—even mad dogs were nothing to this fearful and unfamiliar monster, which at any moment now might be among these good folks.

Anxious mothers ran to drive home their children; wives went to warn their husbands, still out at work; prudent persons hastened to shut themselves in forthwith, locking the doors and barricading the windows; but brave Widow Smith would not put herself in safety till she had fetched home her donkey to spend the night in the kitchen.

It was like the good old days when people heard that a giant or a dragon was about, and had no proclamation to send to, nor anything for it but to hide themselves in the coal-cellar, unless some doughty knight happened to be traveling that way on the look-out for adventures.

The bolder hearts, however, stayed for some time talking on the green, till all that could be said had been said over and over again, as is the way of country people with not much to say to each other, and plenty of leisure for saying it.

Then, when most of them had dropped off one by one, to bed or to take further counsel at the Red Lion, there still remained a little band, among whom presently shaped a daring idea—nothing less than to set out in search of this lion, and board the monarch of the forest in his native element.

It began with Mr. Tedder, the schoolmaster.

He was a podgy young man in spectacles, who passed for a prodigy of learning, and had been very successful in working up his school to a high point of excellence in the eyes of the Inspector, but no one had hitherto given him credit for much courage.

Yet now it appeared that all the spirit of the dragon-killer, St. George, of Jack the giant-killer, and of Horatius Cocles, had entered into that unsuspected hero; for he calmly declared that, with two or three more to help him, he would sally forth to slay or subdue the lion before it could do further mischief.

"At least," he said, "we shall be able to warn the people living about the wood, or it may eat some of their children on the way to school."

"But what if it eats us?" suggested somebody.

The schoolmaster turned on him with a look of calm contempt.

"We are men, and if it attacks us it will only seize on one at a time; so the rest can be killing it in the meanwhile."

"But how are we to do that?

"Them lions take a good deal of killing, I should think."

"I will take my rifle, quoth the schoolmaster, with an air of settling the question.

"He was a corporal in the Volunteers, and a crack shot at the rifle-range.

"Lucky that I have it at home to-night. I am not afraid, for one.

"Naked Africans hunt the lion with spears.

"We are Englishmen, and some of us have fire-arms.

"This lion must be half tame after living so long in a show, and, anyhow, he is not likely to kill more than one of us."

After this there could be no further opposition, and it was who should be the first to volunteer on the hazardous but honorable service.

Here follows a list of these heroes, and the arms and equipment of each.

First, John Mills, the pupil-teacher, could not stay behind when he proved it was the way; him Mr. Tedder provided with a pistol loaded to the muzzle with nails and other bits of broken iron, adding thereto strict injunctions that he was to keep his finger from the trigger till the time came. Then Harry Dickson, the blacksmith, brought out a great rusty gun almost as long as himself, which he had as an heirloom from his grandfather; but, even without this formidable piece of artillery, the very way in which he clenched his brawny fist boded ill for the lion should this son of the forge once get a fair chance at it.

Next came Ebenezer Sprague, the carpenter, who had been in the militia, and had, therefore, a reputation for courage to keep up; he was armed with a mighty axe and a stable lantern.

His brother, Tom—best wrestler of the village—bore the blade of a scythe, hastily lashed upon a pole by way of pike.

So, too, did George Higgs, that stalwart mower, who had won many a prize at agricultural meetings for his deft prowess, and now brandished the familiar weapon as if he meant to mow down the lion like a thistle.

Bill Brown, the ne'er-do-well and idler of the village, brought a reaping-hook, and came along light of heart, for there seemed to him to be a prospect of some drink at the end of the business.

There were also two farm-lads, sturdily grasping hay-forks, but their names are unknown to fame.

These may be considered the regular fully armed forces of the expedition.

But, besides, there followed a small rabble of boys, equipped more or less effectively with mere sticks and stones and the like; they might compared to the pawns of this deadly game which was on foot, whereas the others were knights, castles, and so forth, the doughty schoolmaster being the king and head of all.

They started out having adventures more or less slight, and wandered about till they got tired.

They concluded to rest a while.

The hunters, having refreshed themselves with some bread and cheese, which Tom Sprague had thought of bringing with him, pursued the chase, often stopping to listen for the expected signs of their game.

But it was in vain that Mills put his ear to the ground, again and again, he could catch no stately tramp, no furious roar.

The monarch of the forest must be sleeping off the excitement of his escape.

And yet, as the schoolmaster explained, on the authority of the Fifth Standard Reading-book, it was the habit of this noble beast to seek his prey by night, and to repose during the sultry hours of day.

George Higgs opened, however, that the lion's habits might have changed in a long course of menagerie life.

The advertisement said that all the beasts were to be fed in the afternoon, when there would be an extra charge for admission.

It was now the dead of night, that heavy hour, still and chill, that comes before the summer twilight, when all the powers of life seem most to languish, and nature is wrapped closest in her damp and gloomy shroud.

Our adventurers began to feel tired and out of spirits.

They could have understood what Napoleon meant by the "two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage," which he declared to be such a rare gift.

To make things worse, clouds had been gathering over the moon, and a drizzling rain, growing heavier and heavier by degrees, began to patter among the leaves, and drip down from the overhanging branches.

The schoolmaster and the gamekeeper were the only members of the party who at heart were not very willing to go home on the first excuse.

But they tramped on, and at last their pains appeared on the point of being rewarded by the perilous adventure which they had sought so long and so bravely.

A low, fierce growl, echoed through the wood, making the wet and weary heroes start as if by an electric shock.

"Here he is!" cried Mr. Tedder, exultantly, and the dog began to bark with all its might and main.

Bang!

In this agitation the pupil-teacher had let his pistol go off, the charge luckily burying itself in the ground within an inch or two of his toes.

"Didn't I tell you——?" began the schoolmaster, angrily, but his voice was drowned in the tumult that now arose.

As if at this signal, there burst out, close at hand, a discordant chorus of howlings, growlings, roarings, bellowings, snortings, squeakings, shriekings, and chatterings, mingled with the rattling of bars and the clanking of chains which might well make the boldest give ground, for it seemed that a whole army of lions must be upon them at once.

But above the din rose the voice of old Giles, who again was the first to see the real state of the case.

"It's the beast show! We're at Lassington Common.

"There's no call to run away, men!"

They had, indeed, come through to the other side of the wood, and were close to the piece of waste ground on which the menagerie was encamped.

A few steps brought them out into the open, where they saw the black outlines of the caravans ranged in a circle, and all alive at this untimely hour with the uproar of the awakened animals.

As our friends slowly advanced, not quite sure what to do next, a head was thrust out of an opening in one of the caravans, and a gruff voice challenged them, asking, more forcibly than politely, what they were doing there?

"We have been looking for the lion," replied Mr. Tedder, coming to the front as spokesman of the party.

"What lion?"

"The lion that has escaped from your show, of course."

"We don't let no lions escape here," said the voice, gruffer than ever.

"Hasn't your lion got away, then?"

"Not a bit of him."

The hunters looked at each other.

"Are you sure?" persisted Mr. Tedder. "Have you got him safe in his cage?"

"No, we haven't."

There was a loud guffaw from within, where the cracking of a whip and the objurgations of another voice showed that the mutiny of these noisy beasts was being sternly put down.

"I don't understand this," said the schoolmaster.

"I must have a distinct answer, in the interests of the public safety, or I will go to the police officer. Has your lion got away, or has he not?"

"How can I say?"

"You must say."

"I can't say about other folks' lions, and we haven't any lion to get away, worse luck."

"No lion!"

"Not a hair of one. Fact is, we are out of lions just now."

"But there is one on the picture."

"Yes, plenty of that sort. No extra charge for the picture."

"This is shameful, imposing on people!" exclaimed the schoolmaster.

"Well, you can't expect the whole Noah's ark for six cents.

"We had a very nice lion last month, but he took ill because the agricultural public would go on giving him unripe gooseberries, and we have sent him to the sea-side for change of air.

"The lioness is at Windsor Castle on a visit; she'll not be back for a week or two.

"But we have a first-class elephant that has performed before all the crowned heads of Europe, and I'll let him loose on you if you don't clear out."

"What is the meaning of this? We were told that your lion had escaped into Dumberley Wood."

"I should say it means that somebody has been making fools of you."

With which the man drew back from the window, vouchsafing no further information.

After this, there was nothing for it but to trudge home in the dull and dripping dawn.

As the party approached their village they found several early-rising boys perched safely upon trees, looking out for their return, with the expectation that they might come dragging the dead lion behind them in triumph.

But to those scouts the disappointed hunters were somewhat stinted in their explanations.

They had not much time left for changing their clothes and taking some breakfast before getting to work after such an exciting and exhausting night.

An angry and a sleepy man was the schoolmaster when he took his place at the desk that morning; and the first thing he did was to draw out the cane and lay it before him with a sounding whack, as a sign that he was about to sit in judgment before going on with the work of the day.

The boys stared, and those who had guilty consciences trembled.

"Job Wilkins, stand out!"

Out shuffled Job Wilkins, casting sidelong glances of disquietude upon the cane.

"It was you, was it not, who said that the lion from the show had got loose into Dumberley Wood?

"What did you mean by telling such a falsehood?"

"Well, it was Ben Sprague that told me," declared Job, in the tone of an injured innocent.

"Sprague, stand up! Is this true?"

"I got it from Jim Wood, sir."

"I wasn't me.

"I was told by Bill Jackson!" cried Wood hastening to exculpate himself.

"And he said he heard it from his brother Tom."

"Well, we have Tom here. What have you to say to this?"

"Me! I don't know anything about it, except that I met Tommy Smith crying because he had heard there was a lion looking for him to eat him up."

Here a mournful howl came from the corner where Tommy Smith sat quaking in his small shoes.

He was a tearful child, given to weeping on the smallest excuse.

"Boo, hoo! Please, sir, I never said it—it was Ned Green that told me—I will never do it again!"

"Ned Green! Ah! we are getting to the bottom of this now," said the schoolmaster; for Ned was a notorious mischief-maker. Then Ned got up, half laughing, and half looking serious; for he feared he had played a trick too many this time.

"Please, sir, I only told him if he went up to the wood he would see a lion.

"I meant that picture of the show, and how was I to know he would be such a little stupid!"

"I have a great mind," said Mr. Tedder, sternly, "I have a very great mind to give you the soundest thrashing you ever had in your life."

But the schoolmaster was not a hasty man and he resolved to think over it first; and my readers must guess for themselves whether anything was done to Ned for frightening the whole neighborhood, and setting these bold hunters to tramp the wood all night in search of a monster which only existed in a picture and a timid child's imagination.

All I will tell them is, that the same day several of the London papers contained this paragraph, in large print:

"Great excitement has been caused round Lassington by the escape of the largest lion of a menagerie exhibiting at that place. The savage beast is understood to have got away into Dumberley Wood, which is being actively scoured by well-armed men. Preparations are being made to surround the wood with parties of the local riflemen and other volunteers for such dangerous sport. In the meanwhile the utmost alarm naturally prevails in the neighborhood."

Two or three days later another paragraph appeared, this time in very small print.

"We are informed that the report of a lion having got loose into Dumberley Wood is without foundation."

Such is the story of the great Dumberley lion hunt!

MERMAIDS AND MERMEN. In a natural history of water animals written in Latin by Peter Belloni, published in Paris, France 11 years after the discovery of America, the illustrations possess all the refreshing abandon of a later time when Denis de Montfort said: "If my Kraken is believed in I will invent one that shall stretch across the Strait of Gibraltar." Seals of wondrous make-up are seen walking upon the water side by side with impossible rhinoceroses. The hyena and a water rat are classed with the fishes, while the sea-serpent exceeds the wildest dream of the American sea-side landlord of to-day. In an old-fashioned history it is narrated that on the 18th of March, 502, an officer stationed at the delta of the Nile, in Lower Egypt, while walking with some friends, came upon a strange sea-man and sea-women. They swam along the shore and, the "learned soldier" says, "the man had a fierce air and a terrible aspect. His hair was red and somewhat bushy and his skin was a brownish color. The woman's face was sweet and mild, her hair was black and floated on her shoulders, her body white, and her breasts quite prominent." These two monsters remained over two hours in sight of the officer, and so much attention was taken of it that Maurice, who then reigned, came to see the strange beings.

Again, in a work by Cafornia, a celebrated writer, the following statement is made:

"In 894 a fish was caught in the Caspian Sea and opened in the presence of Prince Saleon, and within the fish was found a sea-girl. * * * * She had on a pair of pantaloons without a seam, made of a skin like that of a man, and which came down to her knees. She sometimes held her hands to her face, and at others over her hair. She drew heavy sighs, and only lived a few moments."

Such were some of the strange stories of simple folks who evidently believed all they swore to. In a comparatively late history of Portugal we find the following statement:

"On the Indian coast 25 men and women were captured and sent to Don Emanuel, but only two survived the voyage, a woman and her daughter. They were very melancholy, would eat but little, and were slowly dying, when the King, touched by their condition, ordered them to be chained and put in shallow water. On seeing the water they rushed to it eagerly, and having plunged themselves showed by a thousand tricks their joy and satisfaction. They remained three hours under water. In this manner they were kept alive three years, but never learned to utter a word."

KISSES OF INTEREST.—A father, talking to the careless daughter, said: "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face. Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back when you were a little girl she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tinted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure by the magic of a mother's kiss the little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with this rough old world. And then the midnight kiss with which she routed so many bad dreams as she leaned above your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long years. Of course she is not so pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of the work during the last ten years, the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more, and yet if you were ask that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face. She will leave you one of these days. These kisses if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many unnecessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother, but it will be too late."

QUEEN VICTORIA once wrote a letter for the London *Times*. As she has never written another, it is supposed that the telegraph made her say, instead of "the sun never sets on the British dominions," "the gun never rests on the blighted Dominions."

A DAY.

BY RITA.

Sunrise fresh, and the daisies small
Silver the lawn with their starlets fair;
But the blossoms of noon shall be stately and tall,
Tropical, luscious, of odors rare;
Ah well!
Noon shall be gorgeous beyond compare.

Noon, and the sky is a blinding glare!
The flowers have fainted while we have strayed!
We wandered too far to tend them there,
And they drooped for lack of the dew and shade;
Ah well!
Evening shall right the mistake we made.

Evening; 'tis chilly in meadow and glade.
The last pale rose has died in the west;
The happy hour is long delayed,
Our wandering is but a long unrest;
Ah well!
We will home to the fireside. Home is best.

Nothing but ashes gray? No blest
Faint glimmer of light on roof or wall?
A weary search was this day-long quest,
And on empty hands the shadows fall;
Ah well!
Let us creep to bed and forget it all.

FREAKS OF FASHION.

OF all tyrannies, the most ancient and the most universal is that of fashion. It began with the beginning of civilization, and it is precisely in the most civilized nations that its control extends to the greatest variety of details. Philosophers laugh at it; but show us, if you can, a philosophor who is philosophic enough to wear in broad daylight his grandfather's Sunday hat!

Is it not a good hat? It is an excellent hat. The soft and silken fur of the beaver covers it; it is lined with the finest leather; it glistens in the sun with a resplendent gloss; it is no uglier in form than our hat to-day; it has all the properties of a good covering for the head. The original proprietor wore it with pride, and cherished it with care in a dust-tight band-box, in which it had reposed unharmed for fifty years. What is the matter with this superior hat, that a man capable of marching up to the cannon's mouth shrinks with dismay from wearing it a mile on a fine afternoon in the street of his native city?

The hat is simply out of fashion; nothing more. The present owner knows that, if he were to wear it, his friends would take him for a madmann. So rooted, so unconquerable is this tyranny, which many of us deride and all of us obey.

In Egyptian tombs, which were ancient when Antony wooed Cleopatra, there have been found many evidences that Egyptian ladies were as assiduous devotees of fashion as the fondest inspector of fashion plates can now be.

In the British Museum you may inspect the implements of Egyptian fashion conveniently displayed. There are neat little bottles to hold the coloring matter used by the ladies of Egypt for painting their cheeks and eyebrows. Some of these vessels have four or five cells or compartments, each of which contained liquid of a different shade for different portions of the face. These were applied with a kind of long pin or bodkin, several of which have been brought to this country.

One of the absurd Egyptian fashions appears to have been of service. Herodotus tells us that, when he was on his travels, he once walked over a battle-field where the Egyptians and the Persians had fought some years before.

"I observed," he says, "that the skulls of the Persians were so soft that you could perforate them with a small pebble, while those of the Egyptians were so strong that with difficulty you could break them with a large stone."

Upon inquiring into the cause of this, he was informed that it was owing to the different head-fashions of Egypt and Persia. In Egypt it was the fashion to shave the heads even of young children, leaving only a lock or two in front, behind, and on each side; and while thus shorn they were allowed to go out into the sun without hats. The Persians, on the contrary, wore their hair long, and protected themselves from the sun by soft caps. We learn also from this passage in Herodotus that it was not the fashion in his time to bury the dead after a battle.

All the ancient civilized races took great liberties with their hair, as well as with the hair of other people. Persians of rank in Egypt, after shaving off their own hair, wore wigs to distinguish them from bare-headed peasants. A still more inconvenient fashion of Egyptian dandies was the wearing of false beards upon the chin, composed of plaited hair, and varying in length according to the rank of the wearer.

We find that, in all the ancient civilizations, fashion selected similar objects upon which to exercise its authority. Sir Gardiner Wilkinson mentions that there was a fashion in dogs in ancient Egypt, which changed from time to time. Some breeds were fashionable on account of their extreme ugliness, others for their beauty or size. The favorite dog of a popular prince would set the fashion in dogs for a long time, as it does in more modern days. As favorite dogs were frequently mummied, and placed in the tombs of their owners, we are able to trace several changes of fashion in these creatures.

Among savages, the modes of fashionable deformity are more numerous than with civilized people, though they are less injurious. Some tribes color their nails red or black. Tattooing the skin is an almost universal practice. Some savages blacken their teeth; others pull the mouth all out of shape with heavy pendants; others make holes in their ears, and continue to stretch them until a man can pass his arms through his ears. It is a strange thing that the practice of flattening the head, in use among the Flathead Indians, does not appear to injure the brain. White men who have resided in that tribe report that any mother who should fail to flatten the heads of her children into the fashionable shape would be thought a very indolent and unkind parent, since it would subject her children to the unsparing ridicule of their playmates. Nor could the girls ever hope for marriage, nor the boys aspire to have any influence in the tribe.

Grains of Gold.

The envious die, but envy never.

Go not in the society of the vicious.

Keep your mind from evil thoughts.

Never try to appear what you are not.

Too much gravity argues a shallow mind.

He that hath no charity, merits no mercy.

Two captains in one ship will surely sink her.

The fox ends by getting into the furrier's shop.

Knife wounds heal, but not those produced by a word.

Our deeds determine us as much as we determine our deeds.

Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will.

Manners require time, as nothing is more vulgar than haste.

Imputations, however unjust, sully, if they do not stain, a character.

What seems to us but sad funeral tapers, may be Heaven's distant lamps.

The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat one's self. All sin is easy after that.

With patience sour grapes become sweetmeats, and mulberry leaves turn to satin.

What we charitably forgive will be recompensed as well as what we charitably giv

Do not believe one-half that you hear, but make sure that you believe all that you say.

To educate the mind and let manners and heart run wild, curses humanity with a mildew.

A generous man will place the benefits he confers beneath his feet, those he receives nearest his heart.

A great many have tried to be great men and failed, but no one ever tried to be a good man and failed.

There are lying looks as well as lying words, dissembling smiles, deceiving signs, and even a lying silence.

The paths of labor are strewn with the leaves of wisdom. Gather one each day. In a long journey a volume may be procured.

None so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. The active only have the true relish of life.

The glory of the Creator, in the external and manifold world, is to be seen, not in one object here and there, but in every object it contains.

Nothing is so great a friend to the mind of man as abstinence. It strengthens the memory, clears the apprehensions, and sharpens judgment.

One false step, one wrong habit, one corrupt companion, one loose principle, may wreck all your prospects, and the hopes of those who love you.

Do not overload children with dress. Do not make them so fine that you are obliged to scream, "Don't!" "Don't!" "Don't!" to them from morning to night.

Whether we move in the higher walks of life, or tread the quiet paths of humble pursuits, punctuality amply repays us for what little effort we make in its cultivation.

Even here to those who live in it and understand what it means, there is, both for us and for our dead, both in this life and in the life to come, the same "kingdom of heaven."

Life is a book of which we have but one edition. Let each day's actions, as they add their pages to the indestructible volume, be such as we shall be willing to have the assembled world read.

There is no joy like that which springs from a kind act or pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through all the day when about your business.

A narrow-minded man can never possess real and true generosity; he can never go beyond mere benevolence. If you wish to appear agreeable in society, you must consent to be taught many things which you know already.

Femininities.

Men have sight, women insight.

Men make laws, and women make manners.

A woman in Ohio recently married her eighth husband.

Full dress female prayer-meetings are an institution of Toronto.

A woman in Ottawa sold her hair to procure money to pay taxes.

The first thing necessary to win the heart of a woman is opportunity.

A Camden girl wants to die, but she prefers to be "smothered with kisses."

If a girl marries a coachman she must not be surprised if he insists on holding the reins.

When a man calls his wife's maid "an angel," it's time for the wife to make her fly.

Women do not often have it in their power to give like men, but they forgive like angels.

What is the best argument against young ladies standing up to play at cricket? That they never ought to be bowled.

Men censure the inconstancy of women when they are the victims; but they find it charming when they are the objects.

The highest mark of esteem a woman can give a man is to ask his friendship; and the most signal proof of her indifference is to offer him hers.

A Chicago dentist happened to remark that nearly all the ladies applying for false teeth were under thirty, and it made his fortune. Chicago is susceptible.

The toothpick boot is going out of fashion, 'tis said. But the broad, easy, swinging boot worn by vigorous men of about fifty, with marriageable daughters, will never go out of fashion, young man—never.

A female dentist is having a hard time of it in Quebec. The press is denouncing her as pursuing an unwomanly vocation, and the clergy of St. John and Levis Churches have prohibited their people from patronizing her.

Mrs. Jones was reading in a paper the other day about a widow that got $50,000 from the railroad that killed her husband in an accident. To save his life Jones couldn't imagine what made her look at him and sigh so hard after she finished reading it.

A Canadian lady, on hearing of the death of the great Italian patriot, said, "So Garibaldi is dead! I remember his name perfectly, because he invented those Garibaldi waists we used to wear a number of years back; some relation to Worth, was he not?"

Two coquettes met a gentleman in the street. "What!" said one, "you passed him without bowing? You certainly were in love with him yesterday." "Yes, for about an hour. I fancied that he resembled somebody with whom I was in love for a week last year."

A Montreal woman, who is now 87 years of age, has been for sixty years a law-breaker in that city, and it is estimated that she has appeared before the police court 300 times. She has passed through all the declining grades of vice, and was the other day sent to jail for being drunk.

An Arkansas woman who was fined by a magistrate $5 for using abusive language to a neighbor, had no money, but the obliging Justice took 21 steel traps in full payment of the fine and costs, and the no less obliging attorney who represented her in the trial took a spotted dog for his fee.

It is now the thing at Saratoga and Newport for young ladies to keep an "engagement book." A Norristown young lady who went to Saratoga provided herself with one of these books, and in less than a week it was full from alpha to omega, and she had to write names criss-cross. She calls it her him book.

To find the shortest way to a female heart under any given circumstances: 1st case—If she is married, but not a mother, praise her husband; if she is married, and also a mother, praise her children. 2d case—If she is unmarried, and engaged, praise her lover; if she is unmarried, and disengaged, praise herself.

The Rev. G. Harvest, who lived in the latter part of the last century, had a partiality for the then Bishop of London's (Compton) daughter. The wedding-day had been fixed; but, unluckily, he (Mr. H.) forgot all about it, and went out fishing instead. The Bishop's daughter, highly incensed, broke off the engagement.

Among lady riders in the Park last week was one who wore a coquettish blue cloth habit, faced with a double row of gold bullet buttons up the front, and two rows of the same buttons on the swallow tails on the jacket. The rider wore, instead of the customary silk hat, a jockey cap of sapphire blue velvet, with the band and visor outlined with gold braid.

It happened in the West End. The new neighbors' boy had called on a family across the street and borrowed flat-irons, a kettle, a broom, soap, a cup of molasses, and a ladle. "Do you want anything more?" was asked. "No, not to-day; mother said she would get better acquainted with you this evening, and then could call again to-morrow," was the reply.

"My wife," said Wigglesworth, abstractedly lifting a handful of prunes from the box, "is one of the most economical women I ever saw. Whenever I smoke a cigar in the house she makes me blow the smoke on her plants to kill the bugs, and stands ready to catch the ashes, which she uses for tooth-powder, while the stub that is left she soaks in water and treats the flower-pots to a Turkish bath with it."

In a breach of promise case in England, brought by Miss Emily Vyse, daughter of a gentleman living at Hamet, against Captain Horace Wise, a commander in the Chinese steamship trade, and belonging to the Naval Reserve, no witnesses were called by the defendant, and the summing up of the Court is the shortest on record. Mr. Justice Stephen said his summing up was comprised in two syllables, "How much?" Verdict for plaintiff, with $2,500 damages.

News Notes.

A Jefferson county man killed 30 rattlesnakes.

Senator Hill's last words were, "Almost home."

15,000,000 barrels of flour are annually made in the United States.

It is said that in London, Eng., a prize has been offered for the best design for a civilian's coat.

A snake whose entire body had become tignified, has been taken from the trunk of a Brazilian tree.

An area of 93 acres has been planted with trees in Kansas, under the new law relating to arboriculture.

Alligator hides are now in such demand that several large alligator farms have been started in Florida.

The ripeness of a watermelon can be told when a small speck, scale or blister begins to appear on the rind.

Twenty women of Iowa won some ice cream by remaining together for an hour without speaking a word.

Seventy houses have already been rebuilt in the town of Grinnell, Iowa, which was recently destroyed by a cyclone.

Handsome parasols for mourning are of lustreless black silk covered with English crape, with polished ebony handles.

In France 14 jurors are drawn for each trial—twelve to form the jury, and two to act as substitutes in case of sickness.

Speaker Kolfer has yet to sign his name 4,000 times before the business of the last session of Congress shall have been closed.

Arabi Pasha does not dash along his lines on a foaming steed. He cannot ride, and when he is obliged to ride a horse the animal is led.

A West Virginia farmer recently sold a single black walnut tree for $600, which was but little less than the sum he paid for the tract on which it grew.

In the last five years 1804 dead bodies have been taken from the Thames in the various districts of London. About one-third of these were women.

At a pic-nic at Delano the other day some one stole a cake from a basket. The affair created a deal of ill-feeling, and came near terminating in a law suit.

Crinoline grows in favor with English women, but meets with no success with Parisians. American ladies content themselves with very small tournures.

An entire Russian guard, with its non-commissioned officers, has been sentenced to Siberia for life, for conspiring to steal a treasure it had been sent to protect.

At Buenos Ayres, South America, it takes ten dollar in paper money to buy one dollar in gold. The paper currency there, it would seem, is depreciated.

A Brooklyn man eighty-three years of age married a woman of thirty because she could tie his cravat so nicely. His children are trying to have him adjudged insane.

A celluloid billiard-ball exploded in Eureka, Nevada, the other day, while quietly at rest on its rack. It made a loud report and sent forth a shower of fragments.

Bronze boots and shoes, so long extinct, made their appearance at the Goodwood race the other day, and will be much worn next winter both in London and Paris.

Little music-boxes, playing very faintly one tune, are now worn at the waist-belt, dangling from a bit of ribbon. They are of Swiss make, and hold hair-pins and glove-buttoner.

At every station on the Russian railroads is a grievance book, in which the traveler may inscribe his wrong, in any language he likes, and which is periodically read by the authorities.

During the first seven months of the present year there arrived at the port of San Francisco from China 27,107 natives of that country, and during the same period 4,141 departed for home.

Three French physicians in New York claim to have a remedy for hydrophobia so infallible that each one of them is anxious to test the new treatment of the other two by being bitten by a mad dog.

Spain produces more lead than any other nation—142,000 tons last year; the United States comes second, with 120,000 tons; Germany next, with 80,000 tons, and England follows, with something over 67,000 tons.

This is thought an unusual freak of nature. A Lancaster county orchard has this year produced two apples joined together on one tree, and three similarly united on another. The fruit is well shaped.

At a meeting of Bonapartists in Paris, recently, which was attended by four thousand persons, resolutions were enthusiastically passed favoring the placing of Prince Victor Napoleon upon the throne of France.

Eleven schoolboys in Geneseo, N. Y., walked to Niagara Falls, August 4, 1882, and agreed to meet there again, if living, in fifty years. This year seven of them kept the promise, coming with their wives and children.

It is announced that, in consequence of the large number of suicides that have recently taken place from the platform of the Vendome column, in Paris, the public is no longer to have access to the interior of the monument.

John Saunders went from Kentucky to the West forty years ago, swearing that his betrothed, whom he had left behind, should not see him until he was a millionaire. Last week he balanced his books, in Montana, and finding himself worth a million of dollars, he set out for Kentucky, where the twain were made one. The groom was 65 and the bride 64 years of age.

THE KITCHEN IN ALL AGES.

THE Grecians rated the services of a cook so highly that the head of the kitchen department—the archimagirus, as he was called—received the appointment of culinary artist, and presided at all public ceremonies.

These officers received no salary as cooks; their fame was sufficient reward.

"We alone," said they, "are intrusted by the gods with the secret of human happiness;" and so they cheefully resigned all emolument.

It is hard for us to imagine such a condition of affairs.

No salary, no perquisites! A successful dish which tickled the palate of a senator might at any moment procure for the cook a gift of priceless value.

In any case applause and a crown of flowers awaited him, and if he invented a new dish he received a sort of patent for it; no other cook dare make it for at least a twelvemonth, and he alone drew from it all profit and honor until some rival successfully prepared another novelty.

Sicilians made the best cooks in the olden times, and were cajoled to remain in Greece while the Romans offered incredible sums for their services.

The chief cook in a Roman household often received a salary equal to $4000 a year. Every one remembers the supper Mark Antony gave to Cleopatra, and how, as she praised the viands, her lover called for the cook and gave him a city as a recompense.

Where, then, did these cooks of old pass their days?

In some subterranean room with barred windows and the unwholesome vapor of sewers for ever under their noses? Far from it.

In Rome a vast apartment back from the house itself served as a kitchen, and over it reigned the archimagirus or chief cook with despotic rule.

This at least was the case in very wealthy families.

In others very often there was no kitchen at all; the "caterer" in the neighborhood supplied the meals at different rates in different localities, or a modest room, separated from the dining-room by the cool pantry, served the purpose, the lady of the house herself making the bread, and intrusting nothing of the cooking to the menials.

So too, we read that the Homeric heroes would rather have renounced the siege of Troy than relinquished the preparation of food to the slaves.

In those days royal princes squabbled as to who should turn the spit, if chroniclers are to be believed, but later on, when luxury had crept in and gastronomy had become an art, matters were vastly changed. The saucepans were often made of silver, and a number of bronze chafing-dishes were always in readiness to heat the plates. These chafing-dishes were very elegant in shape and appearance.

Each was supported by three geese and was about 7 inches long and 1½ broad. The wings of the geese were outspread to support the dish, while the heads formed handles.

Large cupboards lined the kitchen walls, their doors rolling on pivots, and formed a repository of the plate of the family.

Silver cups and saucers, exquisitely wrought in relief, were used for serving hot water to drink at meals.

Silver spoons ended on one side in a point to pick fish from the bone, while the other side was a bowl to eat eggs with.

Forks were unknown to the Greeks, but some Roman families possessed them.

Grecian epicures enveloped their hands in a kind of glove so that they could pick out the food while burning hot. The Roman forks were remarkable for their workmanship, were often of gold, and had two prongs.

Wine was placed in earthenware buckets to cool, and little vases served as cruets to contain oil, vinegar and pepper. The knives were of steel, carefully sharpened, and often with rings in the handles to hang them up. The bread was made of sifted flour passed through a Spanish sieve of linen thread. We have not space to consider the food prepared in this Roman kitchen, but our memory calls up the "grass-hopper fried golden brown," the "sauce of snails" and the large white worms, browned in the stewpan and a few other delicacies little appreciated by us.

The Gauls and Germans built their kitchen near the house never within it, just as in India to-day the kitchen is a separate building under charge of the butler. All old Norman castles included a round building, completely roofed in, which was the kitchen, and which we find upon the same plan in all old monasteries. The form of this kitchen was at first merely that of a round mound, having no windows and being entirely dependent for light upon the wood fire, but it had, even in the earliest times, chimneys or apertures for the escape of smoke, often as many as five or six. As time went on kitchens grew in importance and were often marvels of architecture, finished off with windows and doors, every possible facility being sought for letting in fresh air and sunshine.

THE king of Siam, who has just built a new palace for $1,000,000, is furnishing it with four hundred tons of furniture at a cost of $500,000.

"IT saved my wife from the grave or an asylum," writes a gentleman whose wife had been a fearful sufferer from Neuralgia. She had used Compound Oxygen for a few weeks. Treatise on Compound Oxygen will be *mailed free*. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

New Publications.

Under the head of "Leaflets from Standard Authors," Lippincott has just issued passages from the works of William H. Prescott, the historian, for use in homes, libraries, and schools. They are compiled in a tract-shape by J. E. Hodgdon, and embrace the most interesting parts of the writer. The plan of reading by them is intended to give a greater scope of subjects, more facility in getting at the author's spirit, and in general, improvement over the system of reading history, etc., now in use. While it would require observation and experience to decide their practical value in this respect, we can certainly certify to the high character of the selections. Beside the leaf-form they may be had bound in volume form. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

"A Russian Princess," a love story, by Emmanuel Gonzales, just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, is undoubtedly the strongest and most absorbing sensational love story of the day. It is a miracle of excitement, quick action and novelty, and the reader is so rapidly whirled from one stirring action to another as to be literally amazed and overwhelmed. The plot is a marvel of power and ingenuity. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Publishers, Philadelphia Price, 75 cents.

Henry A. Sumner & Co., of Chicago, Ill. have now in press "Maple Range," by Edna A. Barnard; an interesting historical romance of the Western border.

MAGAZINES.

The *North American Review* for September has for its leading article a very forcible presentment, by Dorman B. Eaton, on "Political Assessments." "Oaths in Legal Proceedings," by Judge Edward A. Thomas, is a discussion of the question whether the interests of morality and of public justice alike, would not be promoted by the abrogation of all laws requiring testimony to be given under the sanction of an oath. Thompson B. Maury, late of the Signal Office, contributes an article on "Tornadoes and their Causes." "Architecture in America," by Clarence Cook, is marked by a freedom of utterance that is refreshing. Augustus G. Cobb writes of "Earth-Burial and Cremation," and J. F. Manning, in an article entitled "The Geneva Award and the Ship-Owners," set forth the justice of the claims of consignors of cargoes and owners of vessels to indemnification out of the Geneva Award fund, for losses from the acts of Confederate cruisers. The Review is sold by booksellers and newsdealers generally.

Like all its predecessors, *Vick's Floral Magazine*, for August, is a feast of good things for flower-lovers. From first to last it is filled with useful hints and information upon this subject. Besides this, a splendid full-page colored plate and numerous wood engravings accompany each number. Price $1.25 a year. J. Vick, Publisher, Rochester, New York.

The *Sidereal Messenger*, for August, contains a great deal of matter, important and valuable to those interested in astronomy. The topics treated are all of a live character, and discussed in an able way. Published at Carleton College, Northfield, Minn. $2 per year.

The *Magazine of Art*, for September, contains the following articles, all of which are magnificently illustrated in the finest style of art: An American A. R. A., Japanese and Chinese Bronzes, After the Herring, In the Studio, The Salon of 1882, Canterbury Cathedral, Van Dyck, etc., etc. In all respects this work takes precedence over anything published in its line, and we can heartily commend it to all lovers of art and kindred subjects. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, 739 Broadway, New York, Publishers. Subscription, $3.50 per year.

Lippincott's Magazine, for September, contains the following articles: An Antwerp Printing-house, by Rose G. Kingsley, Illustrated; Fairy Gold, a story, Illustrated; At War, by Louise Chandler Moulton; Through Great Britain on a Drag, by Octave Thanet; Guy's Legacy, a story, by William O. Stoddard; The Milky Way, by G. L.; Invading the Temple of Heaven, by Charles Wood; Round About the Peaks of Otter, by A. Granville Bradley; Interchange, by Mary B. Dodge; Songs That Have Made History, by Amelia E. Barr; Mrs. Witherell's Mistake, a story, by Edwin Lassetter Bynner; Our Monthly Gossip—Public Tops, England in Egypt, Place Aux Dames, Visitors; Anecdotical and Miscellaneous, An Understanding—The Juvenile Star Business; Literature of the Day. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Arthur's Home Magazine is always good, so that the September number is no novelty in this respect. It is full of articles both entertaining and useful, the household departments being particularly attractive. T. S. Arthur & Son, Publishers, 227 S. Sixth street, Philadelphia.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery for September contains plenty in the way of fine pictures and good reading for young folks. There is nothing in its pages that is not of the best, both in the way of illustrations and matter. The Russell Publishing Co., Boston, Mass. Subscription, $1.50 per year.

St. Nicholas, for September, is a bright, sketchy number, filled with short stories, clever verses and beautiful pictures. Girls will be interested in The Doll that Couldn't Spell Her Name, and boys will read with pleasure the story of The Marlborough Sands, and both boys and girls will enjoy everything else in the magazine. There is an amusing article on elephants, entitled Our Largest Friends. Jiro—A Japanese Boy is a sketch of boy life in that curious country, and Maurice Thompson, the celebrated archer, contributes The Story of the Arbalist, or Cross-bow. The Stories from the Northern Myths, and Mrs. Clement's paper on the Art and Artists of the Renaissance are especially light and anecdotal. Mrs. Dodge has a long installment of her serial, Donald and Dorothy. Among all the verses scattered though the September pages, it is enough to mention the poem entitled The Cockatoos, by Celia Thaxter, and The Land of Noddy, a quaint, pretty, unconventional lullaby, by Rossiter Johnson. There are the usual departments, and an entertaining story, for the little folks, of a pig that went sailing in a horse-trough. The Century Co., New York.

The Century, for September, contains a frontispiece portrait of Mark Twain, accompanying a sketch by W. D. Howells. The War in Egypt, by Gen. George B. McClellan. Thomas Bewick, by Austin Dobson, with twenty-five illustrations. Ocean Steamships, by S. G. W. Benjamin, Illustrated. The Original of Rebecca in Ivanhoe, Ex-President Theodore D. Woolsey, An Old Town With a History, by Noah Brooks, with thirteen illustrations; The New Northwest, Across the Rockies in Montana, by E. V. Smalley. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, a biographical paper, by Edmund W. Gosse. The other contents include an illustrated travel paper on Ningpo and the Buddhist Temples; a Colorado mining story by Joaquin Miller; poems by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, H. C. Bunner, and others; installments of the serial stories by Mrs. Burnett and Mr. Howells, interesting departments, etc., etc. Price, 35 cents; $4 a year. The Century Co., New York.

The September number of the excellent *Eclectic Magazine* is at hand. The articles in the table of contents are as follows: Carlyle's Life and Reminiscences; Electric Light and Force, by the Right Honorable Viscount Bury; French Prisons and Convict Establishments, A Deserted Garden; Wagner, the great musician; A Tourist's Notes, Æsthetic Poetry, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, by Principal Shairp; The Chinese, Their Manners and Customs; A Song for Women, by A. Matheson; Personal Reminiscences of General Garibaldi, by his aide-de-camp, Alberto Mario; From Fish to Reptile, Dr. John Brown, The Great African Mystery, Oriental Patriotism, Night, Literary Notices, Foreign Literary Notes, Science and Art and Miscellany. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond street, New York. Terms, $5 per year; single copy, 45 cents. Trial subscription for three months, $1.

In the September *Wide Awake* George F. Barnes shows a very beautiful drawing as frontispiece for Mrs. Champney's charming Norse story, The Castle of the Winds, and Mr. Champney has a fine, full-page illustration for Mrs. Evans' humorous story, How Elbridge Gray Played Little Boy Blue. James Otis gives a phase of his late travels in Florida, under the title of A Young Alligator Catcher. There is also another Southern sketch, A Little Texas Nurse Girl, with a good drawing by the Georgia artist, J. H. Moser. Long installments are given of the serials The Trojan War, and Lost Among Savages, and for the latter Bolton Jones has made some good drawings. Mr. Talbot's comedy, No Questions Asked is evidently approaching some remarkable crisis. Miss Harris' Wild Flower Paper No. VI, is full of color and fragrance. Among the specialties announced we notice a series of Health and Strength Papers, by Prof. Sargent of Harvard College. $2.50 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston.

Among the most entertaining and interesting articles in the excellent *Popular Science Monthly* for September are: Electric and Gas Illumination, Longevity, Animal Self-Defence, Brazilian Diamonds and Their Origin, The Functions of an American Manual Training-School, A Note on "Thought-Reading," The Physician of the Future, Trials by Fire and Fire-Jugglers, Electromania, Anthropoid Mythology, The Poisons of the Manufactory, etc., etc. D. Appleton & Co., Publishers, New York.

A SAD DIFFERENCE.—A young man is allowed by the strictest moralist an intermediate time in which to sow his wild oats; but whoever admitted the same necessity in the case of girls? We say that man should have his amusements—his clubs, cigars, horse-races, flirtations, and liquorings; but supposing our girls come to us reeking of tobacco? Supposing they addicted themselves openly to taking nips of grog and absinthe when their spirits were low? Supposing they sat down to quiet rubbers of whist or ecarte, gambling away their household just to while off dull hours? We demand so much of excellence of our women that the worst of them are still better than the average man. We have known some women who were social outcasts, and who in point of heart, conduct and general moral rectitude, might have furnished stuff for the making of very upright gentlemen indeed. They have fallen, it is true; but what a fearful penalty they have paid for that fall, while, by comparison, the kindred penalties of men are so slight. If a young man gets mixed up in some disgraceful entanglement, breaks a heart and throws a young girl upon the streets after having ruined her life, people say of him, compassionately, by-and-by, "He was so young when he did it, and now he has turned over a new leaf;" but if an inexperienced girl, a mere child of sixteen or seventeen, comes to harm through a moment's weakness, born of too much love and overconfidence in her betrayer, who ever thinks of pleadings her youth as an excuse? Who ever urges seriously that a girl has turned over a new leaf? Who urges upon her the necessity of doing so?

R. R. R.

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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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Kidney and Bladder Complaints

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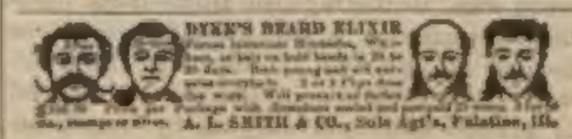

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"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Vanalstyne, Tex., August 18, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

M. J. S.

York, Pa., August 14, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

J. W. S.

Makand, Pa., August 17, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

I. L.

Oquawka, Ill., August 22, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

E. R. C.

Jefferson, Tex., August 12, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

S. A.

Ossian, Ind., August 19, '82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

M. H.

Secor, Ill., Augus 14, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

H. S.

Leesburgh, Kans., August 12, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

G. G.

Columbiaville, Mich, August 12, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

F. S. M.

Belvidere, Pa., August 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

W. F. S.

Mount Pleasant, August 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

C. L.

Chehalis, Wash. Ter., August 13, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

A. M.

Pearsal, Tex., August 12, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

U. S. F.

Chattanooga, August 17, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

W. E. R.

Verndale, Minn., August 12, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

F. E. B.

Jamestown, Ind., August 13, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

I. F. D.

Peconic, La., August 16, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

O. G. P.

Berlinton, Ind., August 16, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

G. W. B.

Humorous.

When is a fowl's neck like a bell? When it is wrung for dinner.

"Buchupaiba."—Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases $1, at Druggists.

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People who snore are always induced to go to church on Sunday mornings so that they may not disturb the family at home while the Sunday papers are being read.

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Samples and information free.

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$10 REWARD

will be paid for any Corset in which the Coraline breaks with six months' ordinary wear. Price by mail, W. B. (coutil), $2.50; Abdominal, $2; Health or Nursing, $1.50; Coraline or Flexible Hip $1.25; Misses', $1.00.

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B. FRANK MOORE.

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(Formerly 319 and 213 Broadway, N. Y.)

Now Manager Chicago Office,

to whom apply for information and tickets.

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TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12.

First Capital Prize, $75,000. Tickets, $5; sold in Fifths at $1 each. *See full scheme elsewhere in this paper.*

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FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as head.
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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

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will be advanced from $90 to $125 on and after September 11th, 1882, at midnight. Readers of this newspaper who desire to secure the "Beethoven" at the old price of $90 must order immediately, as the price will positively be advanced to $125 as announced. It is the most popular organ ever placed upon the market. Upward of two thousand are being manufactured and shipped every 26 working days. Factory running day and night to fill orders promptly. Remit by Bank Draft, Post-Office Money Order, or by Express prepaid, and the instrument will be securely boxed and shipped without a moment's delay.

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Lady Agents Can secure permanent employment with good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. Sample outfit Free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

Ag'ts Wanted Sells Rapidly. P'rtic'l'rs free CARDS 50 S. M. Spencer, 112 Wash'n St. Boston, Mass.

AGENTS Can now grasp a fortune; outfit worth $10 free. RIDEOUT, & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

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The Famous Beethoven Organ with a beautiful Pipe Top, Handsome Black Walnut Case, suitable *for the Parlor, Church or Sabbath School.* Shipped on one year's trial, with Organ Bench, Stool and Music, ONLY

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The Public is requested carefully to notice the new and enlarged Scheme to be drawn Monthly.

☞ CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000. ☜

Tickets only $5. Shares in proportion.

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It never scales or postpones.

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General G. T. BEAUREGARD, of La., and General JUBAL A. EARLY, of Va.,

who manage all the drawings of this Company, both ordinary and semi-annual, and attest the correctness of the published official Lists.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000.

100,000 Tickets at $5 Each. Fractions, in Fifths in proportion.

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1	do	do	25,000
1	do	do	10,000
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10	do	1,000	10,000
25	do	400	10,000
100	do	300	30,000
300	do	200	60,000
500	do	100	50,000
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Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THIS is just the season of the year to buy a light and pretty gown, which serves for full-dress morning occasions in the summer sunshine, and then for dinner wear afterwards.

There is a large choice of such garments; you may procure nun's cloth skirts trimmed with ecru lace, in cream and other colors, at a low rate.

There is a new make of muslin after the order of Madras muslin, but called Spanish muslin, which differs only in the groundwork.

This is of the nature of grenadine; it lasts well, and makes up into inexpensive gowns for young people. White muslin is decidedly once more to the fore, especially Swiss book-muslin.

I have seen several of such dresses made with three box-plaited flounces and tunics over them, and these are the latest fashion in bridesmaids' dresses.

But it is in the tunics that the costliness of such toilettes shows itself. The generality of tunics are a scarf of embroidery, the newest thing being net or muslin covered all over with white silk or cream silk embroidery.

Yet, for young ladies, some of the prettiest costumes have simple muslin lace-edged tunics, caught up in three places with satin bows formed of loops.

Merveilleux, satin foulard, and other not over-costly classes of silk, compose many of these useful costumes; and though, if intended only for evening wear, blue, ruby, or a delicate peach is sometimes introduced upon them, as a rule, for day wear, only silk of the ecru embroidery is employed in the way of trimming.

Large ruches edge many day-skirts, and I notice, as a favorite mode of trimming on several cotton dresses, a treble box-plait at the edge, the centre plait caught up so that it has the appearance of a ruche.

Every skirt is now draped in a distinctly different fashion on both sides; the tunic is as much as possible replaced by indefinable drapery, of which it is difficult to say where it begins or ends.

The flounces, whether box-plaited or gathered, came high up, well above the knees, and many of the fronts of the skirts have, as it were, two skirts ending in a flounce, but with from fourteen to twenty rows of gatherings above.

On to cotton dresses much colored embroidery finds its way, the foundation being of the same material as the dress, with the design in colors.

Small round gathered shoulder-capes complete many of the toilettes, and some of the new Paris bodices have folds coming from the arm-hole over the bust to form a sort of fichu, but this style cannot commend itself on the score of being becoming.

The favorite tinsel of this season has been interwoven with cotton dresses, and, more wonderful still, it washes well.

There are many exquisite designs in cottons, sateens, pompadours, and the like, but the newest kind are soft unglazed, like Indian cotton, the design well covering the whole fabric and leaving the groundwork.

The white and ecru crape, with coarse crimping, is the newest kind of strings, and shades of green play a most prominent part in millinery.

The shops are full of many delightful trifles in the way of bonnet-pins, I mean pins used to fasten the strings; there is no device too fanciful.

They take the form of umbrellas, owls' heads, quaint-shaped bottles, or rather flagons, shoes, Honi soit qui maly pense graters, and, prettier than all, small nests with pearl eggs.

The bizarre element asserts itself in millinery.

Butterflies, caterpillars, and beetles wander over green flowers, and over red or even blue leaves.

Grapes, currants, and strawberries are quite as fashionable as flowers, indeed any kind of berry.

Cranberries, sloes, and blackberries, I have seen on many new bonnets and on many of the preposterously large hats.

By-the-by, beside the necessary steels placed in the dress skirts, the basques of bodices at the back are made to stand out by means of a small mattress about ten inches square and quilted; it should be, say two inches thick, and, of course, so sewn in as to be invisible.

The colored spotted veils are being largely introduced because they are supposed to be becoming, and for the same reason the ecru muslin and lace of a pinkish tinge finds its way into everything, especially tea-gowns, where often enough it is arranged in a full puffing from the throat to the hem, caught in at the waist.

Many so arranged in the front fall loosely from the shoulders, are gathered to a round collar, and not at all defining the waist. A shot Merveilleux, black and blue, with a blue front, is one of the most useful kinds I have seen of this sort of gown. The sleeves rarely, if ever, come below the elbow, but are supplemented by a puffing of fleelle lace or net ending in a lace frill.

White Spanish lace is largely employed for collars, or rather collarettes, that reach to the shoulders, and for fichus, which are all supplemented by bouquets of real or artificial flowers. Real flowers are a most important item in the bills of a fashionable woman now-a-days, and long wreaths from the shoulders to the front of the neck are worn.

Shoes are shorter in front, stockings are embroidered in all colors, as well as in gold and silver, and gloves reach far above the elbow, and, when it is possible, are carried over the sleeves.

You can hardly be too picturesque in your style of dress if you desire to be really fashionable, but abjure aestheticism, not only because it is bad style, but becoming, and a cloak for ugliness.

The picturesque is a homage to art and artistic feeling. In obedience to it some of our richest stuffs have been resuscitated from Venetian and other good designs. Very handsome are the gold brocades of mediæval patterns now being used for opera-cloaks, trimmed with passementerie, fringes, feathers, and lace.

Dark green, electric blue, and various shades of yellow and orange are the favorite colors, for dresses, in Paris, where bodices dissimilar in fabric and hue from the skirt that accompanies them are more in vogue than in London.

The cut and fit of bodices are more than ever studied by French dressmakers, many declining to make for a customer unless she consents to undergo the tiresome process of "trying on" at least four times. The result is a total disappearance of creases, and a general air of slimness, which suggests a suspicion that the National Health Society might find a useful career over the silver strnik.

Soft clinging materials are in vogue in form of cashmere, satin, foulard, and nun's veiling. The general outline of a well-made dress is—to be cut high on the shoulders, with demi-long sleeves, very long and slim-waisted, panters on the hips (arranged high or low according to the size of the wearer's hips), a short narrow skirt, thickly ruched at the edge, much ornamented in front, and well puffed at the back below the waist.

And in this pouf lies the difficulty. Crinolettes are usually worn for the support of the pouf, which fashion demands must stand well out below a pronounced curve of the waist, and crinolettes are given to wobble when the wearer walks.

The more skilful French dressmaker makes the pouf by draping the dress amply and supporting it by cleverly bent whalebones, and occasionally by the aid of a small horsehair cushion, so sewn inside the skirt that it forms a part of it, a vastly superior contrivance to the crinolette.

Embroidered cashmeres and foulards are much liked. To be quite a success the embroidery should be worked on the material after the dress is cut out, and not purchased by the yard as is the usual proceeding.

Large Biarritz hats, made of coarse straw, both black and white, trimmed either with lace or ribbon, and ornamented with flowers, generally roses, are very fashionable, and so are the same shaped hats made entirely of black lace; while quite young girls wear large Leghorn hats trimmed with satin and feathers of the same color. For ordinary wear jet bonnets are favorites, these having often a slight relief in the way of a colored aigrette, and are, as a rule, small: while bonnets entirely of flowers or leaves, or the two combined, are used for more dressy toilets, as also are those made of pearls or fine embroidery in colored beads.

Fireside Chat.

FANS, AND HOW THEY MAKE THEM.

[*Continued from last week*]

THE material of which the mount is composed has first to be chosen, and the choice is larger than the novice would at first imagine.

Vellum, satin, and silk are now most commonly used. Gauze is again to be seen in the best establishments, and it forms a very elegant light groundwork. Then, there is fan paper and India paper.

Each of these, with the exception of vellum, has to be prepared for painting on, that is, sized. Isinglass and gelatine are both used for sizing mounts; half an ounce of isinglass may be dissolved in half a pint of water.

The material is then laid on a stretcher, and the size is applied to it, on both sides, with a large soft brush. A far easier plan is to buy the material ready prepared at the fan-maker's; it saves trouble and time. The fan mount is cut out according to the desired pattern; it is then fixed on a drawing-board, in the same manner as drawing paper.

The edges first gummed a little way in, all round, and the material is then pressed, with a piece of linen, firmly to the board; being stretched meanwhile as much as possible, it is then left to dry.

It will probably be found necessary by most amateurs to trace off the design on to the mount, as no errors can be rectified without injury to the surface.

After making a sketch of the subject to your satisfaction on paper, take some tracing paper, lay it over the sketch, and make a correct outline of the several objects. Then take some red transfer paper and rub off some of the color throughly with a cloth, or it will powder the mount all over with red.

Now lay it face downwards on the mount, place the traced sketch carefully over it in the exact position, and keep it steady with a weight at either corner; if the paper is moved the sketch will not be true in drawing, and that, as we before observed, cannot be remedied.

It can be fixed perhaps more securely by means of needles, and if there is any fear of the tracing getting displaced, it is better to follow the safer plan. With an ivory tracer, made for the purpose, mark over every line delicately; avoid going over any part twice, as that will most likely cause a double line to appear on the mount, or at least a thick one, and what you require is merely a fine outline as a guide for your painting.

The choice of the subject is by no means an unimportant matter; much of the after success secured by the artist will depend upon its merit.

A light, elegant spray of flowers, drawn from Nature, makes as beautiful a fan decoration as can be wished. Still, flowers are not alone suitable; figure pieces, cupids, and even a slight bit of landscape can each be employed, according to the taste of the worker.

To many, however, flowers will be found the easiest to manage; figures are always more or less difficult for beginners; the drawing must be so perfectly true, or they will be anything but pleasant to contemplate.

There certainly is a greater amount of pleasure to be found in designing for oneself, if it turns out well, than in copying; but to our thinking it is better to produce a good copy of one of the great masters than to produce a bad original.

We should never dissuade anyone from attempting to execute an original drawing, but it would be as well to reserve such efforts to be carried out on paper until such time as one can be sure of creating something of intrinsic worth.

Satin and vellum are expensive materials, and it is not desirable to make experiments on either of them.

Engravings of French masterpieces will often be found of use for copying on fan mounts, or, if the entire picture is too large, portions of it may easily be arranged effectively.

In any case, they may suggest ideas that would not otherwise have presented themselves. A pair of hand-screens, to be executed on gauze, are examples of the adaptation of figures to our purpose. They are taken from "The Noon-day Walk," painted by H. Jutson. In the original they walk hand in hand down a shady path overhung with trees; a small greyhound capers along in front of them.

Now, as we require a pair of hand-screens and this gentleman and lady of olden time take our fancy, and seem to us to just meet our requirements, we separate them, place the lady's fan open in her right hand, instead of allowing her to hold it closed in her left, as she has done for many years, and give the gentleman a stick to carry, although he may not thank us for causing him to relinquish the fair damsel's hand. In this way we can arrange innumerable subjects without fear of bad drawing, and yet have a fan that is in so far original that no one else has one just like it.

It is a fashion at present to carry the foreground over a portion of the fan sticks, and a very tasty fashion it is.

For instance, a sea piece has the pebbles of the seashore carried down over the mother-of-pearl sticks. I will try to describe the subject, as it is a very pretty one. In the distance is the sea, with some cliffs at the side, for it is part of a bay that is represented.

A boat is drawn upon the beach, and an anchor lies some way off. Two fisherwomen returning home give life and interest to the scene.

In another that we have noticed a shepherdess sits on a rock with her crook in her hand. Soft green branches bend over her head, and the foreground is continued over the ivory sticks. The most lovely of all was a lake scene.

At the edge of the water two maidens stand watching their reflections in the glistening surface beneath, tall grasses clothe the bank, while feathery foliage forms a fitting background to the beautiful picture. The exquisite mother-of-pearl sticks are laved by rippling waves, that look even more pure and translucent on them than on the mount of white silk. On each of these fans the tints are most delicate: soft greys, sea-greens, and light browns predominate. They are executed throughout with the least possible amount of strong color, the complexions and hair of the women being the most pronounced hues in each of the drawings.

Correspondence.

INK, (Shawnee, Kans.)—A little alum added to saffron in hot, soft water makes a beautiful ink. 2. To remove rust from steel, cover the metal with sweet oil well rubbed with finely pulverized unslaked lime.

M. I., (White, Tenn.)—Devote a certain portion of each day to reading aloud in the presence of one who can correct your pronunciation and give you some hints on elocution. You could improve your handwriting by practice.

SARAH, (Marion, Iowa.)—You have done perfectly right. Keep in the same path of rectitude. His friendship would be of no value to you at the loss of reputation. There are too many such men in the world, and they should be shunned by all.

E. L. N., (Burke, N. Y.)—You do not know how much misery you may bring on yourself by trusting blindly in a man whom you happen to like, but about whom you seem to know very little. If there were no objection to your making or receiving any presents, under the circumstances, a locket with your portrait would in itself be a very appropriate gift.

ADDIE M., (West Chester, Pa.)—Write to the young man and tell him how you have been deceived, and give him a true history of the facts. Then, if he cares for you, he will be glad to make up the quarrel. If he takes no heed of your letter, take no further notice of him. It ought to be a warning to you not to lend too ready an ear to interested talebearers.

READER, (Baltimore, Md.)—The words "out of sight, out of mind" constitute, probably, one of those items of folk lore such as "fast bind, fast find," originating with the common people ages ago. At the same time the idea is conveyed in the line, "And out of the mind as soon as out of sight," to be found in Sonnet LVI., by Lord Brooke, (Fulke Greville,) born in England in 1714, died 1628.

FLORENCE, (Titusville, Pa.)—One very good reason for your parents' objection to your engagement is that you are only seventeen, and ought to give your undivided attention, for at least another year, to your education. Do not be precipitate. If the young man really loves you, and is worthy of your love, he ought to be willing to wait until he has overcome your parents' objection, and in future life the reflection that you did not act in opposition to their wishes will more than repay you.

JENNY, (Salem, N. J.)—You are quite right. Handkerchiefs, like flowers, have now a language of their own. The name, initials or monogram, formerly on handkerchiefs, have been discarded, and instead is adopted a flower or motto. Thus each selects her own flower and then embroiders below it its flower language. The beautiful brunette chooses for her own the rose, with the device, "I am all heart;" another a pansy, with the inscription, "My thoughts are only of you." One with a poppy has "Beauty dwells in the heart and not in the face;" above a sprig of mignonette is the very modest remark, "My qualities surpass my charms;" "I cling or I die," surmounts an ivy leaf; "Purity and nobility" is written over a lily; while some sentimental damsel inscribes over a primrose, "I am miserable."

MARTIN S., (Greene, Pa.)—It was his greatest, but not his only speech. Duluth is a small but enterprising town of some four thousand inhabitants, the county seat of St. Louis county, Minn., with a capital harbor on Lake Superior. Its growth during the twelve years that have elapsed since it was selected as the site for a city has been steady though less rapid that it would have been but for the panic of 1873. It is the natural shipping-point for an immense territory covered with timber as well as for the grain product of the Northwest, and it already does a large business in grain. The completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad will probably make it one of the great commercial centres of the Northwest, though it will be subjected to a sharp competition from Superior City, Wis., only a few miles distant across the bay.

A. T., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—No. If your visitor is going to stay any length of time, you may ask him to lay his hat down if he has not sense enough to do so without being told. If you wait until the gentleman proposes to go, he, perhaps, might be waiting for you to make the move, and the result would be that you would both be late. If you think it time to go you should say so. 2. If the lady has anything to say to her friend she should ask him in. 3. There would be no impropriety in her going on the express invitation and as the guest of the gentleman's mother or sister. Of course she could not go on the gentleman's invitation. 4. If it is not too late, she may if she wishes. If late, she may dismiss him with thanks for his services as escort, or a civil mention of the fact that she would be pleased to see him again.

JEMIMA J., (Cass, Mich.)—There is nothing clearer or more certain than that it is the duty of parents or guardians to punish in proper ways, and that it is their province, and not that of the child, to decide what is the proper way. The majority of people in these days seem to have decided, and we think rightly, that, except in extreme cases, it is not only not wise but brutal to use the rod with those who have passed out of childhood. You and your cousin have certainly passed out of that period, and you should now so conduct yourselves that there shall be no occasion for discipline of any kind. You may be wise to submit to a great deal rather than undergo the misery of an open quarrel with those whom you love, and who love you: but we must confess that if we were in your place—a young lady of nineteen—we would see the whole world torn into ten millions of billions of shreds rather than submit to being pestled on the naked skin, as you describe.

HARTON, (Goliad, Tex.)—The term "Union Jack" is one which is partly of obvious signification and in part somewhat perplexing. The "union" between England and Scotland, to which the flag owes its origin, evidently supplied the first half of the compound title borne by the flag itself. But the expression "Jack" involves some difficulty. Several solutions of the problem have been submitted, but with a single exception they are far too subtle to be considered satisfactory. A learned and judicious antiquary has recorded it as his opinion that the flag of union received the title of Union Jack from the circumstance of the union between England and Scotland having taken place in the reign of King James, by whose command the new flag was introduced. The name of the king in French, "Jacques," would have been certainly used in heraldic documents; the union flag of King Jacques would be very naturally called after the name of its royal author, Jacques Union or Union Jacques; and so by a simple process we arrive at Union Jack.